CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

VOL. XI
Publication Office
AUGUST 1st, 1930
No. 41
Gardenvale, Que.

Editorials

SOME STRAY GLINTS AND GLEANINGS

Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath

Westward Ho!—Grand Canyon, Arizona

So enthralled have we been by this wonderland of the West that every spare second of our time has been utilized in viewing more and yet more of the grandeur and sublimity which nature so generously offers in this new and comparatively undeveloped section of the vast American continent. It is our first trip west and we have indeed been entranced. Consequently our humble contributions to the Review have been neglected, but we trust that our few faithful readers will bear with us and understand the difficulties of attempting any serious or sustained writing when beauty and loveliness, the bizarre and the different, the quaint and the dazzling beckon everywhere. But so dearly have we enjoyed all this for our readers as well as ourselves, that we could not resist the temptation this bright cool morning at the Golden Gate to jot down a few stray impressions of our journey thus far:

One thing in particular has concerned us deeply—the glaring contrast between Nature and Man. We have read so much about the cruelty and [illegible] of nature. Huxley, we believe, it was who characterized her as red fanged and dripping blood. Much of this is true, and here in the West nature displays her more bitter moods. The white hot, scorching sands of the desert have swallowed many a wandering pilgrim; precipitous, sharp [illegible] peaks have dashed to bits those who challenged their majestic [illegible]; jagged cactus hides and guards the few precious pools of water [illegible] him who has hazarded these wastes. There is much therefore [illegible] one to tremble at the austerity and the diabolic cruelty which [illegible] in some ways offers. But if there is one thing which characterizes the West, it is the generosity, the abundance of nature's gifts. Here [illegible] been more lavish than anywhere else. Rugged, snow capped mountains everywhere, and locked in their bosoms, rich oil and precious metals in sufficient quantity to satisfy all the sons of man. But Man—ah, [illegible] selfishness in its most grotesque and hideous form! Here is cruelty [illegible] and dear! We passed through scores of little mining camps amid the soaring peaks of the Colorado Rockies. Beneath the earth was gold—the most precious metal known to man; above—were the most [illegible] wretched sights we have ever beheld. How Man has despoiled [illegible] Nature by his greed! Here are dirty, stinking hovels in which there live—or rather exist—the very men who each day go down [illegible] forbidding depths of the earth and by the risk of their lives each [illegible] hour of the day produce this precious dust, actually handle it, [illegible] it from the rocks, and then hand on to others the fruit of their toils and danger fraught labors. And as the reward of their daily [illegible] their generous overlords, who yet reign in a world which [illegible] feudalism" and been made "safe for democracy" and [illegible] possess whole mountain sides and everything thereon and [illegible] grant them a tiny hut to live in and an infinitesimal grain of this [illegible] to eke out their miserable lives. We visited in one such [illegible] plunged eighteen hundred feet into the deep dark bowels of

(Continued on page 13)

A TABLEAU OF GRIEF

Next Monday Jews throughout the world will observe the fast of the 9th of Ab commemorating the destruction of the temple some two thousand years ago.

Twenty centuries are a long time even in the history of nations. There are few peoples extant that can trace back a line of identity to periods preceding the advent of Christianity. Yet there are Jews to-day who feel a sense of personal grief at the misfortunes that befell their people two millenia ago. They will foregather at the synagogues, seat themselves on footstools or boxes, in token of mourning, chant the dolorous recitative for the occasion and shed tears for the departed glory of their nation. They will con over the lines of Jeremiah's *Lamentations* and follow with aching hearts the harrowing descriptions of the carnage and devastation wrought by the cruel Romans. These Jews have their families, and their business, and their own anxieties and tribulations. But for the nonce the thought of their personal affairs will be obliterated, and their beings will be filled with the great sadness of the distant past.

There is something intensely pathetic in the simple rites that express the national grief. Other Jewish observances sometime suffer from an extravagance of ceremonial and symbolism overlaying the motiff with an excess of detail. The "Tisheo Be'ab" performance is marked by a touching genuineness. The religious element is not obtrusive. The elemental poetry of the situation predominates.

Zionism or no Zionism—whatever plans or panaceas we may believe in for the future of the Jewish people—we must bow our heads in silent sympathy before this strangely affecting tableau of the historic Jew grieving over misfortunes that befell two thousand years ago.

* * *

THE TORONTO GLOBE'S SUGGESTION

REGARDING THE LABOR GOVERNMENT'S ATTITUDE TO THE BALFOUR DECLARATION

We wish to bring to the notice of our readers a very fine editorial which recently appeared in the Toronto Globe on the subject of the present British government's policy in Palestine. Fair minded Englishmen everywhere have felt that the Labor government has been disloyal to the high traditions of British statesmanship in its manner of dealing with the Palestine situation, and strong words of protest have come from many quarters. New additions to the list of English notables who are displeased with Passfield's crass Machiavellianism in relation to the Jews are the names of Malcolm MacDonald, son of the Premier, and that of the son of Stanley Baldwin. Now we have the Toronto Globe in Canada raising its voice of disapproval of the strangely inexplicable attitude of the British Colonial office.

The Toronto Globe has added the valuable suggestion that the Canadian representatives at the forthcoming Imperial Conference should take up the matter at that gathering and press home the conviction of the Canadian public that the plighted word of Great Britain expressed in the Balfour Declaration must be honored under all conditions. W

Continued on page [illegible]

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MONTREAL SOCIAL

Mr. and Mrs. Alan J. Hart and their two daughters, Misses Alma and Vera Hart, are returning to Montreal on Monday after a visit to Bermuda.

* * *

Madame Donalda, of Paris, is the guest of Mrs. E. G. M. Cape at her summer home, "Beausejour," at Ste. Agathe.

* * *

O. Faerman, McEachran Avenue, and M. Gross have returned from a motor trip to New York and Boston.

* * *

Mrs. M. A. Fine and daughter, 4275 Sherbrooke Street West, have left to spend a few weeks at Old Orchard House, Me.

* * *

Misses Shirley Barnett and Fritzi Geffin left Thursday, July 24, on a motor trip to New York and Far Rockaway Beach.

* * *

Misses Claire Gross and Roslyn Cohen are at Old Orchard Beach.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Roman, 376 Redfern Avenue, Westmount, have as their guest their niece Miss Buddi Schnitzki of 151 Riverside Drive, New York City.

* * *

Mrs. R. S. Crisen, Park Avenue, is spending the summer at Nantasket Beach, Mass., where she is the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. L. Edward Crisen.

* * *

Miss Jessie Crisen spent last week-end at the Lake View Towers Hotel, Ste. Agathe.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Finkelstein and daughter Dorothy of Ottawa, who spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. S. Finkelstein, Victoria Avenue, have gone home.

* * *

Mrs. L. B. Diamond and family are summering at Far Rockaway Beach, L.I.

* * *

Misses Esther and Bertha Samuels, Madison Avenue, New York, who spent three weeks at Camp [illegible], Lake George, stopped at the Wilhelmina Hotel, Montreal.

* * *

Mrs. [illegible] and son [illegible] are staying for the summer at [illegible] Long, Que.

* * *

Mrs. [illegible] and son [illegible] are at Lac Long for the summer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] of Outremont were hosts Sunday, July 27, at "Sunnyboys Inn," Chateauguay, where they are spending the summer. Among the week-end guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. Spellman, Sydney Marks and Misses Gertrude and Phyllis Spellman, all of Detroit; and Mr. and Mrs. C. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. S. Shafter and son, Martin, H. M. Guy, and Myer Sussman, Mrs. Martin Sussman, Miss Ida Shafter, H. Borsky, B. Borsky, Henry Borsky, Phillip Marks and Misses Miriam and Diana Marks entertained.

* * *

Mrs. Samuel Shafter and son, Martin, are staying for the summer at Sunnyboys Inn, Chateauguay.

* * *

Miss Dora Hersh, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. O. Faerman, McEachran Avenue.

* * *

Misses Claire Gross and Roslyn Cohen gave a birthday dinner July 14 at the latter's home in honor of Miss Ida Stern. Misses Claire Gross, Roslyn Cohen, Ida Stern; and Larry Lerner, Julius Gross and Percy Caplan were there.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Roman, 376 Redfern Avenue, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kaplowitch, of Nottingham, England, at a bridge and dance at the Mount Royal Hotel before their departure on the S. S. Majestic for England. The tables were decorated with pink and red peonies. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Neumann, Charles Redlich, Mrs. Frank Redlich, Mr. and Mrs. A. Marcus, Mr. and Mrs. L. Samuelsohn, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rittenberg, Mr. and Mrs. S. Leopold, Mr. and Mrs. A. Simon, Mr. and Mrs. F. Leopold, Mr. and Mrs. M. Leopold, Mrs. S. Fischel, Mr. and Mrs. I. Rubinovitch, Mr. and Mrs. M. Richter, David Kirsch, Mr. and Mrs. H. Vosberg, Dr. and Mrs. J. Rubin, and Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Hayes.

* * *

Miss Nell Solomon has left to spend a few weeks at "Totem Lodge," Averill Park, N.Y.

* * *

Miss Rose Rothblatt, Esplanade Avenue, has left to spend her vacation at Totem Lodge, Averill Park, N.Y.

* * *

Mrs. M. Getz and family, Western Avenue, are leaving to stay for the remainder of the summer at Wener[illegible].

* * *

Mrs. Harry A. Cohen, Park Avenue, entertained at the tea hour in honor of her sister, Mrs. Jack [illegible] of Toronto. The honoree was presented with a gift.

Manuel Cooke and Bernard Shats left for their vacation for one month at Morin Heights.

* * *

Mrs. H. Huberman and children are back from New York and Atlantic City where they spent the past month.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. L. Salomon have left to spend a month at Abenakis Springs, Que.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kaufman and family, motored to Old Orchard and will remain three weeks.

* * *

Mrs. N. Glickman, of Los Angeles, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Blumer, Marcil Avenue, for a few months.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Shpritser and daughters, Rhoda and Marilyn, have returned to New York.

* * *

Miss Billy Shpritser is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. Diamond, at Trout Lake, for a few weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Nathanson and children, of Windsor, Ont., who spent the last three weeks at Atlantic City have returned for the remainder of the summer to their summer home in Prevost, Que.

* * *

Mrs. J. Wiseman and children, Basha, Ethyl and Brahm, have left to spend the remainder of the summer at Old Orchard Beach.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Beutel, formerly Miss Rae Kaufman, have returned from their ~~honeymoon~~ and are living in the Stuart Apartments, Van Horne Avenue, West.

* * *

Mrs. Harold H. Oberfeld, formerly Miss Dorothy Cecile Pass, of this city, who was visiting friends at Toronto and Buffalo, has left for her home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Her marriage to Dr. Harold H. Oberfeld took place quietly June 14.

* * *

H. Bazar, De l'Epee Avenue, who spent the past three months abroad, arrived on the Duchess of Bedford Friday, July 25.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur Jacobs, Mrs. [illegible] Solomon and Miss Annette Gladinger have left to spend two weeks at Old Orchard Beach.

* * *

Among those who attended the reception tendered to the Right Honorable William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, on his recent visit here were: Samuel W. Jacobs, K.C., M.P., Alderman Louis Rubenstein, Lionel J. Coviensky, Max Bernfeld, K.C., Harry Batshaw, Samuel L. Ogulnik, Harry Cohen and Adolphe Gardner.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Mort Levey, of Pittsburg, Pa., motored here to visit for a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Levey, Park Avenue.

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Mrs. Abe Bronfman, Rosemount Avenue, is at Old Orchard Beach.

* * *

Dr. Louis J. Rosen motored to Old Orchard Beach, Me., where he will stay for two weeks with his family.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Loebel are spending two weeks with her mother, Mrs. B. Goldstein, Pleasant Point, Ont.

* * *

J. Livshitz and daughter, Clarice, Sherbrooke Street West, have motored to New York for a week's stay.

* * *

Miss Gene Millman, of New York, is spending two weeks as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Sinclair.

* * *

Mrs. H. H. Livingstone and daughter Gladys, and sister, Miss Hyalie Freeman, have returned from Old Orchard Beach.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stattner and family, Kingston Avenue, are leaving Sunday, August 3, for a motor trip to Brockville, Oshawa, Toronto and Sudbury.

* * *

Bee Bernstein, Decarie Boulevard, and Lily Levine, Atwater Avenue, motored to Ogunquit, Me., Friday, August 1.

* * *

Dr. S. Grienberg, who has been spending the past three weeks with his family at Ste. Agathe des Monts, has returned to town.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Rosenberg and family and Mr. and Mrs. D. Pashlin and son, Jack, are taking their summer vacation at Beaurepaire, Que.

* * *

Mrs. Hy Rosenbloom and daughter, Elaine, of Philadelphia, Pa., who were visiting her mother, Mrs. S. Osman, have left for Old Orchard Beach.

* * *

Miss Bertha Levinson, York Avenue, has left to spend a few weeks at Sherbrooke, Que.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Harris returned Wednesday, July 29, from a month's motor trip through the Maritime Provinces.

* * *

Mrs. M. M. Margolis and son, Newton, of Logan, West Virginia, who were with her mother, Mrs. S. Osman, for six weeks, have returned.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Shapiro, Melville Avenue, are at Camp Scopus, Lake George.

* * *

Mrs. A. Abelson, of New York, is spending some time in Sherbrooke, Que., before returning home.

* * *

Lou Stein is at Camp Scopus, Lake George, for some time.

* * *

Mrs. B. L. White, Sherbrooke Street West, is back from a two weeks vacation at Boston and vicinities.

* * *

Miss Beck Firestone, Edward Charles Avenue, has returned from Camp Scopus, Lake George.

* * *

Henry Chinks has left to spend his vacation in New York.

* * *

Sol Blomberg is at Camp Scopus, Lake George.

* * *

Miss Tillie Velick is back from Trout Lake where she spent a few weeks.

* * *

Miss Esther Randolph is at Camp Scopus, Lake George.

* * *

Mrs. J. Riven and family, Girouard Avenue, are at Chateau Quinte, St. Marguerite.

* * *

Misses Alice Goldstein and Bee Segal are at Camp Scopus.

* * *

Mrs. A. O. Raginsky has returned from Ste. Agthe where she spent ten days.

* * *

Miss Bessie Schecter, Stuart Avenue, is at Camp Scopus, Lake George.

* * *

Mrs. A. Rudolph, Strathcona Avenue, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. B. Mess, Esplanade Avenue, have returned from a three weeks' stay at Abenakis Springs.

* * *

Miss Doris Haller, Outremont Avenue, is at Camp Scopus.

* * *

Dr. Arthur S. Russell, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Russell, Marcil Avenue, for a few weeks, returned Saturday, July 26.

* * *

Miss Pearl Sunenberg, Van Horne Avenue, is at Camp Scopus, Lake George.

* * *

Miss Mary Berenbaum has left to spend some time at Old Orchard Beach and Boston.

* * *

Miss Tessie Tritzin, Hutchison Street, is at Camp Scopus.

* * *

Miss Rose Ashenmil entertained at a theatre party in honor of Miss Ida Rudner, of Chicago.

* * *

Dave Cader and Leonard Vineberg are stopping at Lake George, New York.

* * *

Mrs. L. Rosenberg and family, have left to spend a few weeks at Lac des Isles.

* * *

Miss Frances Rothstein, Laval Avenue, who spent two weeks at Piedmont, is back.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Feldman, Vendome avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. I. Smith are leaving for Bermuda on Friday, August 1, by the Lady Sommers to spend two weeks.

* * *

Miss Sophia Wolofsky, St. Joseph Boulevard West, has left for New York whence she will sail for Bermuda on the "Bermuda."

* * *

Miss Bertha Rubinstein, Ste. Famille Street, has left for a two weeks' stay at Lac Brule.

* * *

Misses Eva Goldenzweig and Hilda Wahl have left for New York whence they will proceed to a camp at Warrensburg, N.Y.

* * *

Max Rubinstein, Ste. Famille Street, spent last week-end at Lac Brule.

* * *

Miss Claire Rosenthal, of Montreal, and Mrs. B. Myers and daughter of Toronto, who have been in Montreal for several weeks, left Monday, July 28, to spent the remainder of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brand, at Iron Mountain.

* * *

Misses Florie Tucker and Dorothy Solomon, spent Sunday, July 26, cruising on Lake St. Louis, aboard the ship "Iron Mardel", where they were the guests of Miss Lena Gameroff.

Deaths

At the Montreal General Hospital, Tuesday, July 29th, Bessie Morris, died, the wife of A. J. Alexandor, mother of Bernard, Felix and Hilda, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Morris. Funeral took place from her residence, 513 Victoria avenue, Westmount, Wednesday, July 30th at 2.30 p.m. Interment at Shaar Hashomayim Cemetery. Mrs. Alexandor was aged 50 years. She was a member of the Morning Musical Club, the Women's Canadian Club, the Elmridge Golf Club, Hadassah, Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, and took a prominent part in the activities of the Y.W.H.A., of which she was treasurer. Besides her family she leaves the following sisters: Mesdames L. Gelber of Toronto, S. Kert, H. Gleiberman of Montreal, A. E. Alexandor of Victoria, B.C., a brother, A. Morris, of Montreal.

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The funeral was held Wednesday, July 30, at 2.30, at the residence, 613 Victoria Avenue, Westmount, burial in Shaar Hashomayim cemetery.

Engagements

The engagement is announced of Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ph. Ruckman, Montreal, to Joseph Carin, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Carin, London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Godine, Outremont Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Leba Iris, to Alfred Philip Rittenberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Rittenberg, Vendome Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Kaufman announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Molly, to Moe Weinstein, only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Weinstein.

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EXHIBITS PAINTINGS

Among nearly a thousand Canadian canvases, by more than a hundred Canadian artists, at Murray Bay, Quebec, for the first Canadian Art Week at the Manoir Richelieu from July 28 to August 2, there were three flower studies by Miss Ethel Hecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hecht, Marcil Avenue.

IN MEMORIAM

The unveiling of the tombstone of the late Louis A. Ginsberg will take place Sunday, August 3, at 2.30 p.m. at the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue cemetery.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

The greater the difficulty the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

NOTICE is hereby given that MINNIE FAGEN, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, JACOB RABINOVITCH, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, at present residing in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, on the ground of bigamy and adultery.

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The Effect of the New Immigration Law in South Africa

By Abraham Herman, President, Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society.

On May 1st, a new immigration law passed by South Africa went into force. How Hias and its co-operating agencies, Ica and Emigdirect, saved more than four hundred Jewish immigrants who were ready to leave Eastern European countries for South Africa so as to be able to arrive before May 1st, is told in the following graphic story. It is another demonstration of the effectiveness of the work of the Hias-Ica-Emigdirect (Hicem) and of the absolute need of the organization in meeting the problem of Jewish migration.—The Editor.

The passage of the new law limiting immigration into South Africa, caught the Jewish immigrants entirely unaware. According to the law which went into effect on May 1st, this year, only fifty immigrants from all Eastern European countries are to be admitted annually. What this meant and means to the Jews of Lithuania, Latvia and Poland can better be imagined than described.

More than 400 Jewish emigrants were ready to leave Eastern European countries when on the last day of February the Hias organization in Europe received a cable from the Jewish Board of Deputies in Johannesburg that the South African Parliament had adopted a most rigid immigration restriction measure.

About eight weeks were left for those who wanted to enter South Africa under the old law and the news that had come from Johannesburg struck the emigrants like a thunderbolt from the blues.

Fortunately there was an organization very much alive to the situation and ready to cope with the conditions as they arose. Unfortunate, however, it is that whenever a crisis arises in human affairs that there are people who never scruple to take advantage of the misery and tribulations of their fellows.

Within two weeks after the news of the new law came, all third class accommodation on all steamers going to South Africa had been taken up, and the steamship agents in the various localities became ticket speculators and raised the fare. And finally they altogether refused to sell any tickets to emigrants.

What the situation was can best be told in the words of Aaron Benjamin, the Hias Commissioner in Europe, who reporting to the Hias office in New York wrote:

"Our office in Warsaw was full of despairing men and women who had visas or were about to procure them, or rather expected us to procurse them, at any sacrifice. Luckily the English Consul in charge of visas is more than human. He was ready to meet them more than half way and so it seemed that those who have all their documents in order, and money enough to pay for their passage, should be able to get there before May 1st when the new law went into effect. But no! Whoever is in charge in Heaven over emigration problems would have it otherwise. Could not tolerate Jews without trouble so our troubles came from unexpected sources. There are few steamers going to South Africa and we started to find accommodations for all prospective emigrants, we were confronted with a shortage of space. Prices went up from nineteen pounds to first twenty-seven and in a few days to forty-seven pounds and even at that price it was hard to find room for all.

"Again the steamship lines were afraid that the Emigration Department at the port of embarkation will be stricter than usual and refused to receive passengers unless the passenger deposited with them enough money to pay for a return ticket in the event that the emigrant should not be admitted, and that sum rose in the beginning from twenty-five pounds to thirty five and ultimately to sixty pounds and all this time an office full of hysterical people who do not know where to find the unheard of and to them unprocurable sums.

"And when all these problems appeared as nearing a solution by the steamship companies agreeing to accept our guaranty for the payment of the return trip of all those that may not be admitted and as a final climax as if the cup of their misery was not full, the government of South Africa or their officials notified the steamship lines that they will admit no emigrants who

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not be able to produce at least one hundred pounds, in cash, for each and every emigrant. Can you for one second imagine the condition in which all these people who first thought that all they need is nineteen pounds, then twenty-seven, then forty-seven, then the solution of the guarantees and all this time the date when the gates will be entirely closed is nearing and at the end the last blow."

At the beginning of March, Hias-Ica-Emigdirect received alarming telegrams from the Committees in Warsaw, Riga and Kovno requesting that steamship tickets be secured at the usual rates. The officials of Hicem immediately communicated with all the steamship companies whose ships would in the near future leave for South Africa and after correspondence with London were able to reserve at the ordinary rates about 130 steamship tickets, 80 for Poland and 50 for Latvia; in addition thereto the Kovno Committee was able to procure in Kovno itself 50 tickets on the English steamship Caledonia Castle, which was to sail from London on March 20th. Information then came that there were in Lithuania and in Poland 200 and 100 persons respectively prepared to leave for South Africa so that they would be able to arrive there prior to May 1st. Negotiations were resumed with the steamship companies with the result that these immigrants could only sail either first or second class at unusually high rates, that is at 47 pounds a ticket instead of 19 or 21 pounds for third class. The situation became so aggravated and there was grave danger of the emigrants not going at all, that Mr. Melamed, the Secretary of Hicem, was sent to London to conduct negotiations with the steamship companies on the spot. The Hicem directors had further decided that in case of failure to come to terms with companies to charter a special steamer to take the emigrants to South Africa. Upon his arrival in London, Mr. Melamed learned that this plan would have to be given up because the cost would be absolutely prohibitive.

Now more trouble arose. The British Consul in Kovno was creating difficulties in the issuing of visas. One steamship line had agreed to place at the disposal of Hicem 50 first class tickets but the offer had to be declined because the officials of the company made a condition that the emigrants were to appear in the dining salon at dinner in evening dress. It was absolutely out of question to ask the emigrants to provide themselves with tuxedos and dinner gowns. They were making superhuman efforts to raise the money for the increased rates and as it was Hias had to make loans to a number of emigrants from Wilna who did not have sufficient funds with which to purchase the tickets.

But it was absolutely urgent that steamship accommodations be procured. Happily Mr. Melamed had the active cooperation of the leaders of the Jews' Temporary Shelter of London, of men such as Mr. Schiff and others, and negotiations with the Union Castle Line, the biggest steamship line to South Africa resulted in securing second class accommodation for 150 emigrants at 47 pounds a ticket. The first group, 150 all told, for which passage had been secured at the usual rate, sailed on March 20th. The others were to sail on four steamers all of which would arrive in Capetown on April 30th.

The transportation problem having been disposed of, fresh trouble arose. Emigrants going to South Africa had to be in possession of 35 pounds for every adult as guarantee in case of detention or deportation. By virtue of a long standing agreement with the Union-Castle Line, Hicem assumed that guarantee for certain emigrants and this was the case with the group that sailed on the 20th of March. On the 22nd of March, the Union-Castle Line received a cablegram from South Africa to the effect that the South African government demanded from each immigrant a guarantee of 100 pounds instead of 35 pounds and that the British Consuls in Europe had received instructions to that effect. However, the wording of the cablegram did not make it clear whether this new order would go into force at once or after May 1st. The great issue now was: "What would happen to the emigrants who were already on the high seas to the number of 150 on four steamers?" If these were to be affected it was tantamount to a catastrophe.

Mr. Lucien Wolf, the eminent Anglo-Jewish leader, and Mr. Melamed by letter and personally took the matter up with the High Commis-

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CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

AN IMPARTIAL MEDIUM FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF JEWISH NEWS AND VIEWS
Published Weekly by the Canadian Jewish Review

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MONTREAL
Suite 10, 614 St. James Street
Phones Marquette 1203-4-5

TORONTO OFFICE
TORONTO.
Suite 119, 319 Bay Street
Phones Elgin 1436-7

Entered as Second-Class Mail at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., in December, 1921

Subscription Price, $3.00 per Year. United States, $3.50.

To insure publication, all correspondence and news matter must reach either Office by Tuesday evening of each week.

G. W. Cohen, *Manager.* A. Selick, *Business Manager.*
F. F. Cohen, *Editor.*
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Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath Rabbi Harry J. Stern.

I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire to Helvetius

Canadian Jewish Review invites correspondence on subjects of interest to the Jewish people, but disclaims responsibility for endorsement of the views expressed by the writers. All correspondence must be signed with the full name of the writer.

AUGUST 1, 1930 VOLUME XL NUMBER 31

sioner for the Union of South Africa in London and by cablegram with the Jewish Board of Deputies in Johannesburg asking for a clarification of the new instructions. It was then learned that the order to demand a guarantee of 100 pounds per emigrant was a provision of the old law but had never been put into effect. But, as the South African government expected a big influx of immigrants it put this clause into force at that juncture. Only one concession was made and that is that if the emigrant did not have the 100 pounds in his possession the sum could either be deposited by relatives in South Africa before the emigrant was admitted, or could be given in the form of a bank guarantee. This much became evident, that the 100 pounds would be demanded from each emigrant already on his way to South Africa and for those due to arrive on May 1st.

Extraordinary measures had to be taken to save the emigrants already on the way and those who had already made all arrangements to sail. Emigrants from Wilno had already left for Warsaw and others from Kovno were ready to leave. Hicem had two alternatives confronting it. Either stop the emigrants from continuing their journey and thus make it impossible for them to get to South Africa for years to come or assume the great financial responsibility and let the emigrants go. Mr. Melamed telephoned to Paris and it was decided not to stop more than 100 emmigrants already on their way to London. The next step was to take measures that the emigrants should be able to land. Deeply interested in the situation were the London members of the Hias-Ica-Emigdirect, Mr. Leonard Cohen, President of the Ica and Mr. D'Avigdor Goldsmith, President of the Jewish Board of Deputies, who throughout the entire period were in closest contact with Mr. Melamed. Hicem also succeeded in interesting Lord Melchett who had just returned from South Africa. Lord Melchett cabled to the Prime Minister of South Africa, to General Smuts and to the President of the Jewish Board of Deputies in Johannesburg. In addition, Mr. D'Avigdor Goldsmith took other steps to insure the landing of the Jewish emigrants who were to arrive in South Africa before May 1st. Besides, Mr. Leonard Cohen, the President of the Ica, cabled to the well known Jewish lawyer, Mr. Morris Alexander in Capetown, to the effect that Ica would be prepared to deposit a guarantee sum of 5,000 pounds for the emigrants who might have difficulties in landing. Mr. Louis Oungre, the General Director of the Ica and Dr. Bernard Kahn, the European representative of the Joint Distribution Committee, were then in London and they together with the representative of the Hicem resolved that any loss resulting from this guarantee would be borne by the three organizations in three equal proportions. Then further complications arose. The steamship company now demanded sixty pounds instead of 35 pounds as a guarantee in case the emigrants would be returned. This sum is included in the 100 pounds which the emigrant or his relative has to deposit on landing. For those emigrants who did not have this amount the Hicem gave to the Union-Castle Line a guarantee for an indefinite amount.

On March 28th on the S.S. Armadale Castle 109 Jewish emigrants sailed. On March 31st Lord Melchett received a reply from the South African Prime Minister which however made no definite promises but as it appeared from later events, Lord Melchett's intervention did have certain beneficial effects.

Reports from Capetown tell that all the emigrants who arrived on the 8th of April on the Balmoral Castle were landed. Of the 180 Jewish emigrants on the Caledonia Castle arriving on April 12th 3 men, 1 woman and three children were detained. Of the 109 Jewish emigrants arriving on the Armadale Castle only 5 were detained. The report stated that ultimately all the detained would be permitted to land.

All the emigrants who left London on April 4th and 11th also landed because they had sufficient time to communicate with their relatives in South Africa regarding the guarantees.

Mr. Benjamin in his report to Hias cites some cases which are characteristic of the aid afforded by Hias in the grave emergency that arose as a result of the action of the South African government.

Mr. Benjamin writes:

"I will only give you a brief sketch of two emigrants, a man and a woman and that only briefly.

"He came to see me at the hysterical period described. A man about twenty-five or six. He was planning to go to South Africa for the last two years. By the time they passed the new law he had the necessary affidavits and all documents. It took him all the two years to save up and scrape together the nineteen pounds.

"When he came to see me he was the proud possessor of the entire sum which he told me he succeeded in raising without sacrificing an interest in a house which he had and which would deprive his mother of a roof over her head and he postponed his trip and raised the money ultimately at the sacrifice of other interests. Now he had the money two months before the quota law went into effect, all in cash. He said goodbye to his mother and all he wanted from us is to order his passage with the earliest steamer. He saw himself already in South Africa but he came a little too late. No ticket could be had for less than twenty-seven pounds and to top it the steamship company insisted on a deposit of thirty-five pounds and the man had only twenty pounds and the time was short. If he is to go he must raise the money at once. And so that which he refused to sacrifice, that roof over his mother's head, had to go and he told me he is going home and sell the only asset he had and thank God that he has it.

"He came back in ten days! He sold his interest for three thousand Zlotas, about three hundred dollars, that was ample for the difference. Only! No more tickets to be had for twenty-seven pounds. It cost forty-seven pounds and the deposit required by the steamship company was also raised to sixty pounds so that with the sacrifice of his mother's house he was not nearer his chance of getting to South Africa. He was a determined man to whom there are no obstacles. He told me when I informed him of the new situation, "I am going home and will raise the money at any sacrifice." And he did. In about two weeks he returned with enough money for the ticket and the sixty pounds deposit. How he raised it he did not volunteer, only a friend of his who was also waiting for a chance to go to the new world, let the cat out of the bag. There was a young lady he intended ultimately to marry when he made his fortune in the new world and now when there was no other source he went home and married her and her father probably at a great sacrifice raised the difference of what he had and what he needed and gave it to him. He left his wife the day after the marriage as the time was very short and if he was to land there before the new law went into effect he had to go at once.

"It was at the end of March when he came for the last time to Warsaw. The last boat for South Africa left about April 4th so that he was on time and going. Nothing in the way. Only, the government insisted on one hundred pounds cash. I wish you could see the young man at that time. It seemed as if fate conspired against him and he admitted defeat. There were no other resources. His home gone, he acquired a wife all for the sake of going, and at the end he had to remain. Let an artist paint that picture, his despair. We solved it in a simple way. We furnished the cash and today he is there. As to his future I am ready to give odds to anyone. Men of his calibre do not fail.

"The woman or rather it is a woman with a child. Her story is as follows.

"She came to our office with a man who told me that he is a tailor from Grodno and a good one at that. That though it is the Easter season on which he relies to support his family for the greater part of the year the circumstances of this case is such that no sacrifice is too great. And then he introduced to me the woman and told me that she is his wife's sister and whereas his wife has a very decent man for a husband and her children a good father, this woman married a rascal who divorced her and did not provide for her nor their child and that she was starving virtually, and she looked it.

"God was kind to her. She has a brother in Capetown who was working there or a widower to whom he showed her picture, and that man took a liking to her and offered to marry her and provide a home for her and child. He sent her all necessary documents as well as money for her child's passage. The greatest piece of luck that has ever befallen a living being and because of the new law, he, the brother-in-law, left his work in the height of the season, to make sure that nothing goes amiss.

"Well, it did go wrong. The sum of money he sent would ordinarily cover their passage but prices went up and we solved it by telegraphing to send the difference. He did not respond at once. There must have been some difficulty, ultimately, he cabled the difference. Another cable came to the woman from her brother that the man was reluctant to send so much money, that it took him some time to persuade him to do so, that Shadchonim are after him, and that she leave at once, or she will find him married to another woman. Not such glad tidings to the poor woman who wanted a home for herself and her child. The brother-in-law was no less upset, he needed the place she occupied in his house and he wanted to go home and attend to his customers. The South African government spitefully, at that time, demanded one hundred pounds, in cash, for each emigrant and for that purpose treated children as grown-ups.

"What was to be done? Under no circumstances would she cable for money. She was sure that would be the last straw that would break the Camel's neck, and time waits for no man. Not even an unfortunate woman.

"It was a rather serious situation. The man saw her picture of some years before, when she had her looks. Years of deprivation destroyed it all. There was no trace of it and if we sent her on our guaranty and he should refuse to marry her, and provide a guaranty for her, we would be in danger of losing a thousand dollars and we have not too much money.

"Well, we risked it. It could not be helped, two lives were virtually at stake.

"She is there now, married and deserves her happiness. She has my prayer for it. She suffered enough even in those two months that her fate hung in suspense.

"Almost every one of the four hundred emigrants who went through our assistance with the last boat could tell a similar story but why duplicate and to what purpose."

The work in connection with the South African situation was accomplished successfully. It entailed much energy, many difficulties had to be overcome and there may perhaps be certain financial losses. But against all these must be weighed the fact that we have helped more than 400 Jewish emigrants to seize the last opportunity to be reunited with their relatives in South Africa which may henceforth be practically closed to Jewish emigration.

The Street of Chains

By Lilian Lauferty

By Arrangement with Harper and Brothers.

(Continued from last week)

She did not try to justify herself. But she grew bitter and resentful when she recalled Dicky's courtship. He had wooed her crisply and as if he were doing her a favor. His passion was sharp and staccato instead of mellow and warm; the tempo of his love-making had left her sullen and defeated rather than breathless with the abandon of joy she knew she could feel.

She had ceased liking Dicky when she found she could not love him. She began to hate him when she found she could love Joe. . . . The memory of Joe's voice caressed and enfolded her. It had a slurring tenderness. It was mellow and warm, not curt and cool like Dicky's voice. . . . Dicky had been unable to give her anything or to claim that she had to give. Joe would give, would enrich would make life spacious and fecund. Of him she might have had a son to name Michael Gruenturm Delavan — Morgenstern. Morgenstern! She didn't want a son named Morgenstern. She didn't want a son whose little shoulders would stoop beneath the burden of his race. She had married Dicky to escape all that. But she had not escaped. She was trapped. . . . She loved Joe.

CHAPTER VI

After Granpa's death Carlie was very lonely. She also began to be somewhat awkward and shy and to find her greatest happiness in dreams; sometimes they were of the past and the Saga and the Chained Street; often they were of a prince who would come some day and give her love and companionship and devotion; he would love her as Michael David Gruenturm had loved great-grandmama Henrietta Gruenturm until his father separated them; he would be as devoted as great-granduncle Adam had been to Henrietta even after Gervaise de la Vannes separated them; he would be as wonderful a companion as Granpa. Carlie's dream prince was always a sort of super Gruenturm; he never by any slip or twist of the imagination, had a Delavan tinge.

Carlie's meeting anyone but a dream-prince seemed problematical. She never went anywhere and there never were any visitors in the Adam Delavan apartment. It was used as a shelter, not as a home. Adam's days ran in a groove between Amsterdam Avenue and Houston Street. In the evening he went to his club to play pinochle with Gus Meyers and Sam Protzman. Grace and Don and Tress were always rushing somewhere, and after America entered the war and they entered upon war work, that somewhere, was always a camp or a canteen. But they never brought any of the officers home to visit and Carlie never went to any of the camps, for papa said that if she took to gallivanting around nights, she wouldn't be a mite of good in the store daytimes and he needed her there. So, since it appeared she wasn't needed anywhere else, she sat at home evenings making clay figures. But she had come to know that her fingers couldn't translate the beauty she had in her heart. After a time she too slipped into the groove between Houston Street and Amsterdam Avenue; and the separation between her and all that was going on in the world outside became an even more clearly defined thing. She was lonely. And restless. She was always tired. And filled with driving and tremendous energy. She felt sometimes as if she were not a person at all, but one of those ugly little Mexican jumping beans. She was almost eighteen when Michael Gruenturm of London came swooping into her life without any possible way of knowing that he was there.

It was Steve Harkness who brought Michael into Carlie's orbit, which was, perhaps, not so strange as the fact that the shuttle of events had interwoven the Steven and Mike strands. . . Stephen Decatur Harkness, was a tall, rangy young American who began his career on a farm in Northern New York with a fortune consisting of a mechanical bent, a liking for work, and a wide freckled grin. His equipment carried him out of the pastures and into Yale from which he was, in due time, graduated with honors and a five-hundred dollar prize. He donated half of this to his uncle and the farm and worked his way abroad on a cattle steamer to spend his windfall and his vacation. On his return he intended to go in for the improvement of farm implements; in the meantime he wanted to see the world, beginning with the corner of it from which a branch of the Harkness family had migrated to America in 1700, and to which the first of the line was reputed to have come with the conquering Anglo-Saxons more than a thousand years before that. So again he worked his way—this time through Scotland and Northumberland, which was still prdoucing Harknesses after the very pattern from which young Stephen Decatur was cut. He was drawn to his kinsmen: sturdy, raw-boned men with Gothic noses, shrewd gray eyes, rusty brown curls, and stubborn chins; and they were drawn to the lad with the engaging smile and the gift for making discarded machinery take on new life.

Young Harkness was amused by his interest in the folk tales of Northumbria and amazed at the pride that stirred within him at the realisation that he came of the race which had dominated Britain and made it England centuries before the Norman Conquest. He laughed at what he called his sentimentality and assured himself that making a row about ancestors and family trees was the bunk. But when he was caught in the log-jam of Americans seeking passage westward and out of the turmoil of 1914, he found himself demanding the right to serve England instead of insisting on his right to a cabin in a westbound boat. Thereafter he worked his way through the war in a little Sopwith "Camel" that bore him valiantly through three years of the fighting which only one other member of his original squadron survived. The war, which fostered a number of implausible friendships, drew Stephen Harkness and Michael Gruenturm together at the moment of their meeting and kept them together; they understood and liked each other at once and without any of the mental reservations that might ordinarily have built a wall between Northumbria and the *Judengasse*.

In the late autumn of 1917 Harkness and his little old Camel went out on a scouting detail and failed to return; a day later Gruenturm volunteered to go out in his Bristol to look for the missing man. What he found was a splintered machine and a disintegrated mass of pulp too little like a living creature to invite the enemy's attention, which, nevertheless, was promptly turned to Mike Gruenturm. Guns were also turned on him as three of the German planes swooped down. He fought them off by some miracle of courage and good fortune and limped back to his own lines bringing Steve in with him; after Steve was looked out for, Mike fainted and then it was discovered that he had given his left hand for his friend as nonchalantly as he would have laid down his life. For weeks it appeared that in spite of Mike's boast that old Steve positively couldn't fade out on him, young Harkness was no more to be mended than Humpty Dumpty. But a Gruenturm did not get his men merely to lose him again, so Mike pulled wires industriously until Steve was sent to Green Acres, Lord Gruenturm's place in Cornwall, which he had turned over to the Government for a Nursing Home. Elfrida Mendelssohn, oldest of the Gruenturm girls, was in charge here, and Mike's friend was nursed with devotion and tenderness which he found deligntful and astonishing since his mother had died in ushering him into the world, and his aunt, having lambs and calves to look after, wasted no time in petting the human young. A few months of Gruenturm kindness, with its accompaniment of luxury and skill, established the impotence of concussion of the brain and perforated lungs, together with sundry grim-titled dislocations and wounds, to destroy the life of man. Steve recovered and in the spring of 1918 he went west on an ocean liner instead of on a casualty list.

When Captain Harkness, late of the R.N.A.S., arrived in New York, he began at once to urge that America use him in her Air Corps, even though England had declared him unfit for active service, decorated him showily and scrapped him as junk. He succeeded in getting himself assigned to the Recruiting Service with a recommendation that he be later transferred to a Texas flying field as a ground instructor. He ran across O'Donnel Delavan at a canteen where Don was taking part in a concert to entertain men who hadn't an Uncle Freddy Frear to arrange for them to do their bit on native soil. The young violinist's resemblance to Michael Gruenturm attracted Steve at once. When he found that Delavan was actually a Gruenturm, he decided that he owed it to old Mike to pull the kid out of the slacker class and make him a credit to the family.

Don was grateful to have Captain Harkness notice him; amazed to find an officer whose eyes did not slide over his face with a look that always made him feel as if a paint brush had been swept across his skin leaving it cold and stiff under a coat of chrome yellow. Steve warmed to Don, liked him, and Don responded with something so fervent and grateful that it amounted to adoration.

"I'll bet you could fly with the best of them," Steve said when he felt that Don was ripe for his purpose.

"I could fly? You mean I actually could—fly?"

"Sure. You don't need feet arched like an Indian's to joy-ride in the clouds. You could handle a bus or I miss my guess. Mike Gruenturm has the look of an air-bird. You have the look of Mike. Follow me?"

"But I'm a fiddler. Temperamental, I guess. Would a musician have steady enough nerves for flying?"

"Mike could play the piano like a young Chopin till he gave his left hand for me."

Their eyes met and withdrew from a contact too pregnant to endure. "It wouldn't be very easy for me if I couldn't play my fiddle," Don said. And after a moment: "A fellow has to expect to get his if he goes to war."

"And I'm trying to shove you into this mess because I've got a notion that sending you there would be almost like putting Mike back—whole," Steve said curtly. "You keep out of this, kid. If I'm half the man I'm claiming I want to make out you, I'll pay my own way."

"And I'll pay mine. I'm all set to fly." Don's voice was crisp. "How do we get my appointment to the Air Corps?"

"Steady, young fellow. You'll have to pass a bunch of tests first."

"I'll pass 'em. You've got to get me past the family. Will you come up to dinner and sell them the big idea?"

Steve agreed to dine with Don three nights later, and because Don cared so much about Steve he found himself caring rather absurdly about things he had always, hitherto, taken for granted. So he asked Carlie to see to it that there was a clean cloth on the table and something more than ma's usual delicatessen handout on the menu.

"And try to get Tress out of whatever it is that's got her so edgy these days and persuade her to stick around and ornament the feast," he suggested. "The only times I've seen her on the premises for a month she's been about as merry as a bagpipe, but at her grouchiest Trees is so damn decorative that if she's here Steve won't notice how shabby everything else is."

Carlie wanted to ask Don if she wasn't the least bit decorative. What she said was: "I'm almost scared of Tress nowadays. She sort of runs when I come; as if I had scarlet fever —or more as if she did, because if I had it she'd take care of me."

"Quit rambling," Don ordered. "Also quit romancing about Tress. She's bumming too much and she's tired. If you can't talk to her, write her a note or send her a telegram! But get her to stick around Thursday night for dinner. She's our family trump card, and we might as well lead trumps to Steve."

"I'll do everything I can to make your party a success."

"Sure you will, little Miss Prim." Don smiled at her and pinched her ear cosily. "Maybe you can guess what hell it is not to be in uniform, not to be playing a man's game with the rest of the fellows. I've been a grouch and didn't know what ailed me until Harkness showed me. I want to try for the Aviation, Carlie."

"And go overseas? Oh, Don, since Granpa went I haven't really anybody but you. I can't help you——"

"The only way you can have me is to let me go," he said.

She nodded. She didn't want to see it, but it was quite clear.

"You want to make it easy for mama and papa. I'll help you," she promised.

Don laughed. "You can't really make anything easy for them. Dad is always dodging the things he's afraid of, and mama is always running after the things she is afraid will get away from her. I want you to make it easy for me. I'm going, but I don't want to go through a family row first. I don't want Steve Harkness to go out of this house thinking the Delavans ain't as good as the Gruenturms."

"You're a Gruenturm, really," Carlie said. "Like Grandpa."

He stooped then and kissed her. It was an awkward, reluctant kiss. But it told Carlie that she had Don again. So for his sake she tried very hard to persuade Tress to decorate the party. But Tress wouldn't; it was set for her evening at the canteen and she was afraid to stay away because she was waiting and hoping and almost praying that Joe Morgenstern would come to say good-bye to her before he was sent overseas.

"I don't want to meet your Captain Harkness," she said curtly. "I know too many officers already."

She was thinking of Dicky Wilton, her husband, somewhere in France. But she was forbidden to tell anyone of Dicky and she could not tell anyone of Joe and of her incessant and terrible longing to see him again.

CHAPTER VII

On the morning when Captain Harkness was to come to dinner, Carlie asked papa for a day off from the store and her salary in advance. She spent her ten dollars and her day on a centerpiece of sweet peas and a dinner which began with tomato baskets filled with crab meat and ended with strawberry pie under a towering and regal meringue. As a final touch she engaged Mrs. Schmidt, the janitor's wife, to wait on the table and coached her to remove a plate with all the pomp and circumstance that could be recovered from memories of the monthly dinner at Aunt Henny's.

Carlie came to the party feeling too eager and excited to think of being tired and looking like a little girl in the red taffeta dress Uncle Fred had given her two years ago for the Christmas dance to which she had not gone. . . . She had no zest for her own cooking, but she was fed and replenished when Don beamed at her and the asparagus under its golden fluff of hollandaise and Captain Harkness said he hadn't enjoyed a meal so much since he left Green Acres, and Adam took a second helping of the baked eggplant and remained friendly at each reference to the house of Gruenturm.

As the tale of young Michael's bravery unfolded, Carlie decided that this was much the nicest evening she had spent since Grandpa went away and she began to think the Saga was ended. But here was another chapter—and perhaps there were more to come. Her heart ached because Grandpa was not there to hear of young Major Gruenturm's fidelity and loyalty to his friend . . . and to his Heritage. She wondered if Michael Gruenturm knew the saga, if he was proud to be the descendant of old David Mosche, lawgiver of waters and of Moses Levit who had showed his sons the way out of the Street of Chains. It would be wonderful to meet Michael, to talk it over with him, perhaps even tell it to him for the first time if he didn't know. . . . Michael Gruenturm. He had Grandpa's name, Grandpa's name without the Delavan. Michael was a Gruenturm, the very Gruenturm, perhaps, of whom she had been dreaming years ago when she was a little girl making up stories about how "The" Gruenturm would come seeking Tress and how Tress would send him away going to avenge great-grandmama Henrietta, who had not been allowed to marry her Michael Gruenturm. . . .

But now, quite suddenly, Carlie began to write the dream story differently. When today's Michael Gruenturm, Major Michael Gruenturm, came swooping he would step out of the clouds instead of getting out of a car, and it would be Carlie he came to see. The story would have a happy ending because she was no longer a child to think hate worth cherishing or life and love to be sacrificed for revenge.

She was so intent on the pattern she was weaving from her own fancies, so thrilled by the things she heard Captain Harkness telling, even though she was giving him only a tiny piece of her attention, that color came into her pale cheeks and her blue eyes deepened until they were nearly black and her clear-cut and almost austere lips parted until they were childishly eager and softly, moistly red. After a while Steve found that he was framing his words to please the girl whose face was so lovely when it flamed and came alive. He thought that Don's sister looked for all the world like a birch tree dryad of an old Northumbrian legend, like a lovely little Gaelic princess, like a slumbering enchanted princess out of a fairy tale. Something stirred within him as he realized that his words were waking the princess. Her eyes were deep and still and glowing like the pool under the big maples on the farm up North when the brook poured over the rocks in the spring and the sun shone down on the water and there were gold lights in the little pool that reflected all the blue of the sky.

For a moment Steve thought it strange for Don's sister to remind him of the farm. She made him homesick for the farm and homesick for something he had never known. He had never before in his twenty-four tightly packed years of living been so aware of a girl, so intently and acutely conscious of a woman's nearness and sweetness. His heart lurched and leaped up because Don's sister seemed to be awakening to life at the sound of his words. But Carlie was not conscious of Steve at all, for she looked past him to the heart of what he was telling, and there she saw Michael Gruenturm, who had given his hand to save his friend, and who would have given his life itself if that had been . . .

"I'm falling in love," she thought shyly. And then she grew proud. "I'm falling in love with a Gruenturm. How Grandpa would like that."

She looked at Don with grave, inquiring eyes that saw him in a strange new light because Captain Harkness was saying that he and old Mike looked enough alike to be brothers. But now, since the time had come for Steve to make his point, Don's point, he turned from Carlie to Adam and Grace and said briskly, dominantly:

"A resemblance like that goes deeper than the skin. Don and Mike have the same expression and they see things the same way. I had a hunch about Don the minute I laid eyes on him. When I found out he was Mike's cousin, I knew where my hunch was leading. It takes a lad like Don to—pick up the torch from old Mike. And that is just what Don feels. So of course nobody would dream of trying to keep Don out of the game that needs him so badly."

"I am going to keep Don out," Adam said quietly. "I am his papa. I forbid him to go. Anyhow he is exempt. He has flat feet. But even without that nobody has a right to send an artist into this war that is destroying all the beauty in the world. We have to keep our artists to make beauty for us."

Captain Harkness went on. Carlie watched him tread down papa's fears and prejudices without appearing to know that they stood in the way. "We need boys like Don to help save our world, Mr. Delavan. The aviators will win the war. You can't imagine what a thrill you will have when Don passes his flying tests. It isn't easy. But Don will get by. He's a regular air-bird, all right."

"To think you are a bird when you sit in a chair talking about flying is easy," Adam commented drily.

Steve smiled and nodded. "The tests prove the point. Wait till the day Don actually gets his Wings. You'll be out on Broadway telling the world that you've got a son in the Air Corps. I can see you."

"I cannot see myself. Don ain't going to fly. Anybody maybe can learn to run a piece of machinery. It takes an artist to play the violin," Adam wailed.

Captain Harkness turned to Carlie. He seemed to be sweeping papa aside. He didn't talk papa's language; he didn't understand papa or make himself intelligible so papa could understand him.

"How about it, Miss Carlie?" he asked. "Can you imagine how you are going to feel when Don gets into the service old Mike had to give up on my account? Can you figure what it is going to mean to you when your brother goes into the war on wings?"

Carlie nodded gravely. But her reply was directed to papa, since obviously there was no need anywhere else for what she had to say.

"Grandpa would be proud to have Don fly," she said. "Grandpa wouldn't be willing to have Lord Gruenturm's son a hero and his only grandson a slacker. . . ." Then suddenly and almost sullenly she realized that she was on the captain's side against papa, and that she had said the thing that was bound to clinch his victory and papa's defeat.

CHAPTER VIII

When Dicky's first letter came from overseas, Tress ripped open the envelope in a zigzag of excitement. Then she paused for a moment or two, preparing herself, putting into and taking from the occasion all the significance she could make it yield. . . .

"My first love letter from my husband," she thought. "I am not the sort of woman to be faithless to a man who has gone overseas to the war. And I have every reason to be grateful to Dicky. He saved me from myself. If I weren't Mrs. Richard Wilton, I might have yielded to this war madness that is driving girls into such impractical romances. I might have married Joe Morgenstern and gone back to the Ghetto, the Street of Chains, if it hadn't been for Dicky. . . Joe's eyes are so caressing and his voice is so mellow and his feelings seem to fold around me like a warm cloak. Joe's feelings wrap themselves around my heart so it thuds, and around my head so I can't see or think or hear. . . . It is lucky I was safely married to Dicky before Joe came along in uniform, looking so strong, like a Shepherd King in Khaki, like a man. A man. His hands would thrill a woman. With electricity. . . ."

Tress looked down at her tingling hands and at the letter she held in them. She was shaking with excitement. She touched the letter to her cheek. Deep down, in her subconscious probably, she must care a great deal about Dicky to feel like this about a letter. She trembled with desire and told herself the desire was for her husband. Then she began to read.

Dicky wrote of the good food one got at a French billet, of the musty wine, of the lusty wenches who served it, of the way a fellow laid odds with himself that he'd have a lot to remember when he came back to the missis at home. There was no word of tenderness or beauty or high patriotism in the letter; it spoke only of Dicky Wilton and his sharp, crude appetites. . . . He was missing the tempo of the great adventure overseas as he had missed the beat of her heart. . . .

Tress spat at his letter and then put her hands over her mouth in a cold because her instinctive gesture had been so telltale. She had, she saw, accomplished nothing by marrying a Gentile. Whether she liked it or not, and in spite of the fact that her name had been Delavan and was now Wilton, she was Oriental, exotic, even Jewish; she was bound to the unhappy Henrietta Gruenturm by a kinship even greater than the mere golden outer shell of a beauty she now considered futile because it did not belong to Joe Morgenstern of Lyons Avenue.

She had an immediate sense of crisis when Joe came striding into the canteen a few nights later. He had, it seemed, the air of a conqueror rather than a suppliant. His stooped shoulders appeared gallant and protecting, not servile with an age-old burden of race memories, but eagerly deferential as he bent over her. . . . Tress wondered grimly how you were going to get away from a fellow after you started making poetry out of the fact that he didn't know how to carry himself.

"Hello, Joe, where you been all my life?" she asked, patterning her words to her times.

"It has seemed like all my life to me. Tend to your job now. I'll take you home when you're through. We'll do our talking then." His voice did not question; it answered.

As they walked up the Avenue later in the crisp December cold, he said in a flat tone that had none of the tang of the winter air: "I'm off for Embarkation Camp in a couple of days. I tried to go without seeing you."

"I wouldn't have liked your going without a good-bye."

"I wasn't fool enough to try to see it through. It wouldn't have worked. I'd have been A.W.O.L. at the last minute. Might even have missed the troopship if I couldn't have found you. Might even have deserted to stick around and hear you say I'm nothing to you." The words jerked out harshly.

"No, you wouldn't have, Joe. And I wouldn't have either."

"That's something to remember in case the Heinies get me like I somehow think they will."

"No, Joe, you mustn't talk like that, mustn't invite such things."

"Gawd, Tress, it would be awful to die without ever having lived."

"You've lived a lot, Joe, and made good and done things to be proud of. You'll do more."

"I tell you I couldn't come through if a shell got me and I was lying out in a bloody field and hadn't a single memory to make me want to live."

"Joe, I can't bear this. I want you to live. I want you to come back. I like you. It isn't my fault that I don't—love you. I wish I could give you something worth remembering. . . . But I've nothing to give. . . . Only. I'll pray for you every night, Joe."

"Thanks," he said drily. "But my living or dying is my own affair. I didn't come after you tonight to howl like this. I came on a matter of business: to give you the key to my safe-deposit box. There's a letter to you and my ring and diamond scarf pin and twenty-five hundred in Liberty Bonds. Everything is for you if I don't come back."

"You'll come back, Joe. Anyway I couldn't take anything——"

"I've no one else to leave my savings to."

"And he hasn't got me," she thought dully. Aloud she said: "Joe, you'll come back. I want you to come back. I'll take care of everything for

(Continued on page 13)

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REALTY NEWS

[illegible] Goldstein sold to M. Browns lot No. 210-26, Montcalm ward, measuring 25 by 94 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No. 4625 fronting on Papineau avenue, for $3,950.

I. Kushner sold to Kushner's Realty Co. Ltd., lot No. 185-56, Notre Dame de Grace ward, measuring 5784 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No. 5478 fronting on Sherbrooke street west, for $25,964.

Mrs. W. Isaacs sold to Canadian National Railway Co. lots Nos. 245-[illegible] St. John ward, measuring [illegible] by 82 feet, without buildings and fronting on Jeanne Mance street for $700.

M. Weiss sold to S. Kalman [illegible] No. 416-322 City of Lachine [illegible] measuring 50 x 128 feet without buildings and fronting on George [illegible] for $450.

Investment Securities Corporation sold to D. Greenberg [illegible] City of Outremont measuring [illegible] by 88 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 1886 to 1891 fronting on Lajoie avenue for $6,000.

M. Mazer et al sold to [illegible] Marshall lots Nos. [illegible] City of Verdun measuring [illegible] feet with buildings Nos. [illegible] Wellington street for $2,000.

BOYS TASTE ADVENTURE

Overcome with wanderlust and the desire to see the world even though it only extended to St. Helen's Island, 12-year-old [illegible], his brother [illegible] and Louis Harris [illegible] spent two days and a night on the island. Though the boys are heroes in the district among those of their own age around 3610 St. Dominique street, where they live, they are in [illegible] for their experience, according to the parents. They have already had groups of youthful admirers asking them all sorts of questions. They tell their questioners they had a good time. One of the [illegible] boys was sorry that his days at the island ended yesterday. He wanted to stay there until he was 21. When told that there had been reports of kidnapping and that the police were hunting the distracted fathers and mothers to find them, they said: "Oh, it was only a trip for fun."

Father [illegible] does not see it that way.

The only food they had was some candy given them by a visitor to the island. They slept in the open Monday night, July 2[illegible].

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance but to do what lies clearly at hand.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] SCHOLARSHIP

[illegible]

CANADIANS IN LOS ANGELES

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THE JEWISH WAY TO MARRIED HAPPINESS

An Address to an Invisible Audience

By RABBI LEO JUNG

The Jewish Center, New York

I am going to speak to you on a subject that has far too long remained unspoken. Many of the young scorn it, most parents are shamefaced, and even Rabbis maintain ignominious silence about it. One can understand the scorn of the younger generation. It is based upon profound ignorance, upon a sort of heroic religious illiteracy. It is more difficult to account for the attitude of parents except on the assumption of their extreme humility, based in turn on a sense of their utter inability to make satisfactory or even intelligible statements about our subject. But it is impossible to appreciate the silence of the Rabbis. For, in their obligation to bring Some Jewish Family Law, they have been given a most excellent opportunity to demonstrate at once and most impressively the great moral and spiritual Sense of Judaism for its loyal children.

I want to speak to you about "Hilchoth Taharah" (Jewish marriage law, as an unparallelled asset of Judaism, the presence of which has kept Jewish life on a high level, the absence of which has helped to make our women unbalanced and unhappy.

I do not intend giving you what is popularly called and dreaded as "religion". I want to talk to you about happiness. Religion guides it, prepares for it, makes it burgeon and blossom. My topic is happiness. I take it for granted that man and woman marry essentially for happiness. Children are part of it. Home and security are incidents of that happiness. It is happiness, however, and nothing else which has been the goal, hope and dream of people about to be married.

Of what does woman's happiness consist? Two things: harmony and self-respect. Harmony means peace, beauty and color combined and interdependent. Their basis is self-respect. Happiness is not entirely the gift of God's grace. Happiness in marriage does not come about as the result of loyalty to so many "don't's" but rather as the normal fruit of goodness and common sense in constant cooperation.

Did the Jewish woman attain such happiness in marriage? In the past, undoubtedly. The darkest hovels of dark Russia housed happiness of Jewish lovers. Medieval bigotry could not keep out the light of love from the habitations of Israel. The high level of Jewish married love has for many centuries been the cause of envious admiration. What was the plan that worked such results? To what is due the unbroken happiness of countless Jewish families, even today, in the days of religious unrest, of impatience with moral restraint, even during the kingdom of Russell, Lindsey, Watson, Wittels and all their hoist?

I.

Fundamentally there is in Judaism an attitude towards marriage which is different from that of any other system of life and thought. It is described by the term "*kiddushin*", "holy wedlock". Yet it is expressed by laws which establish and maintain this attitude.

In all its aspects, Judaism places high ideals before its adherents. And in every instance Judaism not only states the ideal but also provides the method, outlines the path towards its realization. The method of Judaism is the ceremony. Through the ceremony the genius of Israel expresses itself. The ceremony speaks to us when we are overcome by grief and points the way to consolation. The ceremony steadies our heartbeat in moments of distress, lest we lose ourselves in despair; the ceremony, by insisting on certain acts and prayers, reduces the intense expenditure of emotional energy and prevents our losing balance in moments of supreme happiness or enjoyment. The ceremony through which we articulate our emotions, speaks to us and for us, in joy and sorrow, of hope and faith and courage—the *tout ensemble* of the human heart.

Happiness in marriage is to be found in comradeship, in mutual affection and appreciation, in the consciousness of ideas and ideals which husband and wife have in common and which they both, in their respective spheres, serve truly and consistently. These spiritual values are in truth the only realities of life. They cannot be destroyed. They are the memories blessed, and the imperishable source of peace. Moreover, faith, devotion, kindness—modern research has found them to be not merely poetic ideas but genuine biological assets. They prolong life and keep it beautiful. They increase our resistance, they keep us young.

These ideals inspire man and woman under the marriage canopy. These ideals are to stay with them from wedding day to old age.

How can they be attained?

Obviously, there must be a plan of life. Marriage must mean growth. It must mean freedom. It must bring added self-respect. It must retain a sense of inspiration, of bed-rock trust, of consideration. It must be the house of love.

Married love is potentially man's greatest blessing; married love is potentially unrelieved beastliness. The deciding factor is *attitude*.

II.

Judaism develops the proper attitude through a system of marriage laws which serve, not as a restriction, but as a safeguard, of freedom, growth, beauty in marriage. It does so by two provisions. First, even in marriage, it protects woman's essential freedom. Jewish law makes this the unshakable basis of married life. Consent in marriage is in Judaism and in Judaism alone a matter of law.* Jewish Law to a marvelous extent takes care of woman's constitutionally physiological difficulties, decreeing times of solitude in accord with the laws of nature and in divine comprehension of her mental and emotional needs.

The ceremony of *tevilah* is but an outward symbol; but, as a symbol, it has been the guardian angel of the Jewish woman's freedom and self-respect.

Judaism gives to the husband this law of marriage: Consideration is your prime and constant duty. Woman in marriage must never become a means to the husband's end, she is an end in herself. She needs time for reflection, for self-evaluation. She needs her utter solitude so that she may evaluate herself, that she may again see the ideal of marriage and inquire of herself how far she had approached or withdrawn from it. She must be able, on the basis of her own married life, to retain her regard for marriage, her faith in marriage, even her mystic trust in love.

Love must not become a vulgar thing of *routine*, dictated by whim or caprice stimulated by food or drink or exceeding masculine desire. The law of God looks upon marriage as man's *Song of Songs*. Therefore shall the religious ceremony stand at the gate of the home of love, keeping watch, so that woman be assured of her equal partnership in love.

To the young girl *taharah* says:

Guard the way to your heart. These laws were not given to please God, but to save man, to keep woman happy. They guard you from physical decay, they watch over your soul's welfare, they will not allow you to become the chattel of passion. They will infuse man with the spirit of respect and wonderment, with that reverence and devotion which are the only approach to the realization of your girl-hood dreams.

I shall *not* speak today of the medical value of the laws of *taharah*, nor of their hygienic and eugenic advantages.* I want to emphasize this: Woman's freedom in marriage is assured only when husband and wife know love to be

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*Talmud Babli, Pesahim 49b; Tanhuma, s. v., Mah Ari; Zohar, Ber. 49a; Shulhan Aruch, Eben Ha-Ezer 25, 2).

*See, D. I. Macht, Phyto-Pharmacological Study of Menstrual Toxin, Journal of Pharmacology, 1924; Dr Mary Stopes "Married Love".

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so sacred that the approach to love depends on religious sanction, and that the traditional ceremony at the right time and at the proper place is absolutely indispensable.

Human agreements, made in the heat of faith, do not withstand the assault of sudden passion. But every man will hearken, when religion utters its command, standing before love with its wings and calling out: "Take off the shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is a holy place."

III.

For three thousand years we Jews have hearkened to this voice. That is why love remained for us *kinlech ha kalochim*—the lady of ladies.

That is why Jewish life was a model of happiness.

That is why in Jewish homes there ruled true love, friendship, faith.

In the past we could afford to smile at other people's marriage problems. We knew them not. The Torah protected our home.

Things are changing, changing for the worse.

To me it is utterly incomprehensible how intelligent Jewish women can lightheartedly give up these marvelous laws, the single fortress of married happiness. The leading authority in the world on marital relations, a Gentile, Dr. Mary Stopes, says of the Jewish laws of *taharah* that they are the single guarantee, in the history of life and religion, of the physical and soul welfare of womanhood.

I could tell you of the difference which observance of these laws makes to children. We know today that the most important influences are the parental ones. On the attitude towards love of father and mother depends much of the character of the children. I could tell you of statistics and demonstrations of this truth that would upset or delight you. I could point out that you have never heard of a woman who observed the laws of *taharah* involved in divorce scandal, or of young girls who have been trained in an understanding of this position, lax in sex morality.

But I want to confine myself rigidly to the main question touched upon.

IV.

I spoke of *taharah* as "sacred", because through it the Torah assures happiness. I speak of Jewish marriage too as the flower of Judaism, because it assures that happiness. In no sphere of Jewish life is the shield of faith, the blessing of faith, more easily demonstrable than in the married life lived in accord with the Torah.

There is only one more aspect I would like to touch upon.

The Jews of America have been grossly negligent with regard to this law, not only because of ignorance, but because of a lack of understanding. The provisions made for conformity with the *taharah* laws are outrageously unsatisfactory. Jewish law provides that the ritual bath is more important than the synagogue, that a synagogue may be sold to build a mikvah. Yet in our country the overwhelming number of mikvaot are [illegible] unsanitary, unclean.

Women should not permit that. You should stand up and insist in clear terms upon the duty of men to provide adequately, decently, for these sacred things. And you should look upon *taharah* as the main source of woman's freedom and self-respect, as woman's means, even in marriage, of living a life beautiful, inspiring, harmonious.

For it is, in the last analysis, the fortress of your dreams, the citadel of woman's respect.

When you hear the word which some whisper and others hardly dare breathe, please realize that it is a sacred word, that it has built happiness in the past, that it has retained happiness for the present, that upon purity depends nobility, upon nobility the value of married life.

V.

A WORD ABOUT PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE

We prepare the young woman for fashions, dancing and interior decoration. Anxious mothers, sisters, friends want to make sure that she will know how to manage maids, arrange furniture, preside at a bridge party. But for the crux of married life there is no preparation. To meet the shock, the need for sudden readjustment, no guidance is provided: she is left to flounder, grope [illegible] to be blinded, confused. This heartless, unintelligent neglect is to blame for a great deal of marital unhappiness, [illegible] and the many forms of neuroses.

Many men err from sheer ignorance. Overcharged with the purely physical aspect of marriage, they do not begin to understand that restraint and consideration are absolutely vital.

The enormous disadvantages of double standard men are obvious. They demand purity from the bride and bring to her the leavings of prenuptial philanderings, a second-hand affection, a vulgarized, stunted version of love and loyalty. One need not dwell on the great dangers of infection, at times for both partners, and also occasionally for the children. But let me say that the one standard man, unless properly prepared, may do harm too. When the barrier that stood between him and sex experience is suddenly removed, a gust of passion is almost inevitable. Without the guidance of intelligent and sympathetic elders the husband early in married life may destroy the very flowering of love. To man, the early stages of married life are a relief, a complementation, an overwhelming flood of tenderness and fulfillment. To woman, they are physically no less than psychologically [illegible] a catastrophe.

The Young Husband

The young man who has been taught this, will understand that upon the level of his first week or month, may depend the tone of the married life for many years. The man who revels in the sweetness of new experiences without realization of their potentialities, of the responsibilities, of the dangers of sheer indulgence, of the blighting effect of mere physical excess, will awake very soon. Surfeit will be his amazing feeling. Surfeit, disappointment, irritation. That great mystic flame of love, that tremendous inspiration of early married happiness, has evaporated. It has left a bitter after-taste—all the [illegible] of the day after, all the quarrels, bitterness, the indignities which so many of our young women receive, have and yet seem unable to avoid.

Pitiful, indeed, is the position of the young girl. With all her much vaunted sophistication and cynicism, I know that many or most of them are yet romantic girls, convinced that their married lives will be different, their girlhood dreams will be [illegible] with [illegible]. Then the number of new arrangements, the [illegible], the preparation for the [illegible], engagement, wedding, [illegible] all combine to create around her an atmosphere of bliss supreme. Being the center of the stage at home, in the circle of friends, in the congregation and in the glow of wine and music at the wedding feast, she is lifted away from reality, and to the most modern of them, her future is all sunshine, laughter, warmth, friendship. Then again comes the unexpected. Mother has prepared her for everything, [illegible] extraordinary [illegible] of the pre-marriage [illegible]. But mother has remained utterly silent about what she should have spoken. Nor [illegible] the bewildered bride. Nor [illegible] the young girl who has dreamt without end and [illegible] nothing to give her light in the stormy first period of marriage. Nothing that will keep her soul [illegible] undismayed. The young, too tender [illegible] unprepared, the young woman [illegible] the dictates of self-respect. [illegible] she surrenders to the stormy urge of newlyweds, [illegible] under its violence, trembles, [illegible] before its unquestioning sway [illegible] not know that she is losing the best of marriage in giving in the [illegible] of her own soul.

She [illegible] awakes. She [illegible] of inexpressible sadness, of unhappiness. She [illegible] now seems to see the hollowness of her magic dream. She [illegible] begins to see the pretense of it all, the illusion. The husband [illegible]. She [illegible] to find fault with [illegible] misfortune.

[illegible]

How can we change this state of affairs? Remembering that the great disillusion [illegible] derives from [illegible] husband and wife, dissatisfied after the few weeks of [illegible], turn to their earlier [illegible]. That is how mothers-in-law become [illegible], there are [illegible] unpleasant thing [illegible] two families [illegible] friends [illegible] become warring enemies. That is why young women [illegible] they want to live their own life. That is why they are so eager to listen to anything that promises happiness. That is why companionate marriage [illegible] free love, [illegible] possibilities. That is why [illegible] to be [illegible] terrific fact, promiscuity [illegible] as an inheritance of [illegible]. That is why divorce, scandals, suicides, [illegible] the increasing family disharmony.

* * *

I feel the absence of the guide [illegible] understand [illegible] of [illegible] happiness. I feel the responsibility of parents, rabbis, the Jewish community towards [illegible] and disappointment [illegible] the [illegible]

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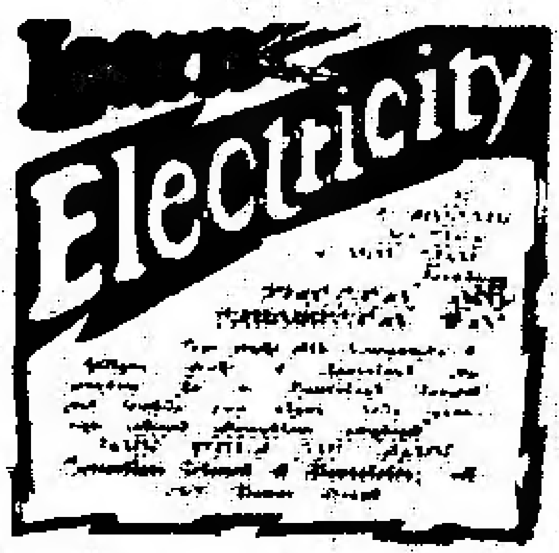

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too often enacted, of a young married woman sitting in my study, her eyes washed by tears, her heart bruised, her speech resigned. Cynical, all her joy of life, all her respect for life gone. I dread the sight of young boys and girls reared in homes where love knew no restraint, where woman enjoyed no respect, where the lamp of faith has been quenched for some drab, vulgar, garish, glaring flame, which neither warms nor lights up.

What is wrong? How can it be remedied?

I take it for granted that woman marries for happiness. Surely the other elements are not missing: the desire for children, the desire for a home, the desire for companionship. Man has never been more lonely than in the cage of the industrial age. Woman has never felt more unhappy than in these days of cocktails, bridge parties, shows, bargain days, dances without end, and a tempo of life that is nothing short of mad speed.

Both here and in Europe I know of countless instances of that truly Jewish life, of undying loyalty, of never failing mutual respect, of a bond of sweetness uniting parents and children, and sending its rays forth to bring cheer and grace into cheerless, lightless, loveless, homes of married slaves. Taharah has achieved it there. Taharah will achieve it here.

That is why I have spoken to you today about the sacred thing — Taharah — the law of family purity in Israel.

Travel Now A Real Pleasure

A Visit to London

In an article which appeared a short time ago in these pages, we gave a slight sketch of London, the Empire's metropolis, and promised then that we would follow it by a somewhat more detailed account of the city to be used as a basis for a short visit. Incidentally, let us correct an error in our previous article before going any further. Through the fault either of the transcriber or of the compositor we were made to say that the Metropolitan Police comprised "twenty three men and a hundred women." The correct number of course is twenty three thousand men.

It is important for a visitor with a limited time in London to make the most of it. It is impossible in the course of two weeks to do more than see the high lights, but careful planning will enable one to see a great deal more than would be possible by haphazard methods. Let our visitor make up his mind as to the features of London in which he is most interested and lay his plans first. It may be Art Galleries or ancient architecture or Museums or shops but whatever it is let them be made the first objective.

However before setting out to do detailed sight-seeing, our stranger should spend a day — preferably two — in viewing the city as a whole. This can be done from the top of an L. G. O. C. bus, as suggested in our last article, or from a regular sight-seeing coach. The latter is perhaps the better method, if one is really pressed for time. No matter which is adopted, either will give a general idea of London and its layout. Your survey of London should embrace at least the following streets and districts. Starting at Charing Cross and travelling Eastward, pass through the Strand, Fleet St., Ludgate Hill, Cannon St., East Cheap, Tower Hill and the Minories, then turning Westward by Aldgate, Leadenhall, Cornhill, Cheapside, Newgate, Holborn, Oxford St., Bayswater Road, through Kensington Palace Gardens to Kensington Road, thence by Knightsbridge to Piccadilly, Regent St., Pall Mall, Cockspur St., and so back to Charing Cross. This tour will include Holborn, the City, Belgravia, Hyde Park, Bloomsbury and Kensington. Along the way our visitor will have had glimpses of the Adelphi, Law Courts, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, Marble Arch, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens and Palace, the Albert Hall, Wellington Arch and the great Clubs.

The second day let him start again from Charing Cross, and stroll afoot up Charing Cross Road to Oxford St., then turn West at least as far as Regent St., but preferably to Park Lane — still the abode of wealth if not of birth. Continuing across the Green Park and along Constitution Hill, he passes Buckingham Palace, and if he has timed his walk aright, he will be able to see the Guard changed, which is distinctly one of the sights, as is also the changing of the Guard at the Horse Guards.

Leaving the London home of their Majesties, our pilgrim makes the way by Buckingham Gate to Victoria St., which leads to Westminster Abbey. After admiring the noble West Front, we walk along Great Smith and Wood Streets to Millbank up which we turn to view the Houses of Parliament and New Scotland Yard. On up Whitehall, and we see various Government Offices and the entrance to Downing Street, where at No. 10 the Prime Minister has his residence. A little further up the street we pass the sentries on duty at the Horse Guards and glance across the way to Whitehall Palace, or rather the Banqueting Hall of the Palace which is all that is left nowadays. Through a window of the Hall, King Charles I stepped one wintry morning in January 1649 to lay down his life on the block. He was succeeded by the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, who is memorable for having once more made it legal for Jews to reside in England after an official exile dating from the reign of King John in the early XIII Century. From Whitehall, a few steps bring us back to Charing Cross and the Nelson Monument, whence we started.

This sounds like a tremendous walk, but as a matter of fact it can be done very easily between a not too early breakfast and a not too late lunch. The actual distance traversed is in the neighbourhood of four and a half to five miles. Despite its rather brief nature, an enormous number of interesting features mark it, and one has the consciousness of being for a time, part of the busy life of the greatest city in the world. Furthermore, the longer one roams about London the surer one becomes that it is the greatest city.

The next day may well be devoted to the Tower and to St. Paul's Cathedral. As a matter of fact, a full day or more in each of them would be profitably spent, but we have a great

(Continued on next page)

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Date		Steamer	Destination: Via
Aug.	1	Melita	Glasgow: Belfast, Liverpool
"	1	Ascania	Glasgow: Belfast, Liverpool
"	1	Alaunia	London: Plymouth, Havre
"	5	Empress of France	Southampton: Cherbourg
"	6	Duchess of York	Liverpool
"	7	Montcalm	Hamburg: Cherbourg, Southampton
"	7	Megantic	London: Southampton, Havre
"	8	Letitia	Glasgow: Belfast, Liverpool
"	8	Ausonia	London: Plymouth, Havre
"	9	Doric	Liverpool
"	12	Duchess of Richmond	Liverpool
"	12	Empress of Australia	Southampton: Cherbourg
"	14	Montrose	Antwerp: Havre, London
"	14	Duchess of Atholl	Liverpool
"	15	Andania	Liverpool: Glasgow, Belfast
"	15	Aurania	London: Plymouth, Havre

FROM NEW YORK

"	5	Berengaria	Southampton: Cherbourg
"	6	President Harding	Hamburg: Plymouth, Cherbourg
"	7	Deutschland	Hamburg: Cherbourg, Southampton
"	7	Yorck	Bremen
"	8	Tuscania	London: Plymouth, Havre
"	8	Lapland	Antwerp: Plymouth, Cherbourg
"	8	Majestic	Southampton: Cherbourg
"	8	Columbus	Bremen: Plymouth, Cherbourg
"	9	Rochambeau	Havre: Vigo
"	9	Gripsholm	Gothenburg
"	9	New Amsterdam	Rotterdam: Plymouth, Boulogne
"	9	Frederick VIII	Copenhagen: Christiansand, Oslo
"	9	Conte Grande	Genoa: Gibraltar, Naples
"	9	Milwaukee	Hamburg: Plymouth, Cherbourg
"	9	President Roosevelt	Hamburg: Plymouth, Cherbourg
"	9	Scythia	Liverpool: Boston, Galway, Cobh
"	9	Cameronia	Glasgow: Londonderry
"	9	Arabic	Liverpool: Glasgow, Belfast

Rabbi Eisendrath's Editorial

(Continued from page 1)

the earth down a cold and threatening shaft, hollowed foot by foot out of the solid granite, borne by a jolting little elevator that seemed any moment apt to drop us into an everlasting void. And down below how dismal and dank, how damp and dark it seemed. Our few moments there were enough to make us prize more dearly than ever before the warmth and wonder of the golden sun. But there were men there who had rarely enjoyed that sunshine. For years they had toiled down there. Leaving their homes—their shacks rather—at dawn, returning at dusk—darkness was all they knew. There they burrowed like busy ants, drilling holes for dynamite, loading mule drawn carts with treasure laden rock. Of course, all this had cost millions to create. Thousands of dollars went up in smoke for each foot that they advanced. Yes, millions had been risked by bold and adventurous financiers to make possible this mine—to bring pretty baubles to our pampered selves; surely they deserved rich reward for their risk and daring! But we still wonder what reward these humble men, who risk lives instead of superfluous wealth, actually merit—and never obtain.

We thought that very day of the tremendous hazards they daily brave—tumbling rocks, insidious disease, gruesome gases—and this very day we read of our most dreaded thoughts actually realized in another dismal dungeon far beneath the surface of the earth. Nineteen men sacrificed in the Hetch Hetchy Tunnel; nineteen lives swept aside which might have been saved—according to official reports—had proper safety devices been installed. Nineteen men murdered by human depravity. Nineteen men who will soon be forgotten—whose heroism was not blatant enough to memorialize with monuments and annual pilgrimages to their graves. The miner and the soldier. We wondered as we rose plungingly toward the sunlight, who serves best. Once again on the surface of the earth we sped on to Grand Canyon, where we forgot man in the contemplation of the splendor of nature's wonders here more than anywhere else, we believe, most generously bestowed. As we gazed down into those brilliantly painted chasms, down deep below those towering cliffs upon that little stream of water that had flowed for centuries upon centuries, probably hundreds of millions of years, that had wrought all this entrancing beauty, that had created all this wealth and wonder, we could not but cry out with a significance never before so clearly grasped, "What is Man, Oh Lord, that Thou art mindful of him? What the son of Man, that Thou carest for him?"

(To Be Continued next Week)

The Toronto Globe's Suggestion

(Continued from page 1)

abstained from commenting on this welcome opinion of the Globe because it happened to appear during the time of the campaign and we did wish the shadow of suspicion of political motivation to obscure its significance.

At the time of writing we do not know which party will have received the mandate to form the next government. We are certain that either Mr. King or Mr. Bennett will give a fair hearing to representations that might be made by the Zionists of this country of the position of the Jews with regard to the recent happenings in Palestine. The voice of Canadian political leaders added to that of some of the leading statesmen of the Empire who have already made their stand on the subject clear—they have some bearing on the shaping of future Palestine policy. Canadian statesmen conscious of the lofty ideals which inspire British statesmanship will not hesitate to criticize a deflection from British traditions on the part of the government. No government is infallible, and it is the duty of patriotic citizenship to place the fundamental ideals of the nation on a plane above the acts of the government.

We suggest that Canadian Zionists give due consideration to the Globe's hint, and act [illegible].

* * *

ATOMS IN MOTION

Scientists [illegible] atomic [illegible] energy [illegible] [illegible] atomic composition [illegible]

The mass of the public is generally as ponderous and unmoving as [illegible] the slow agglomeration of matter [illegible] the mechanics of [illegible] the component atoms and [illegible] with them. [illegible] make sounds and perform [illegible] appeal to the judgment of the [illegible] the surface of the community [illegible] independent [illegible] the stimuli from the manipulators. The onlooker gets the impression that [illegible] atomic power [illegible] himself to become [illegible] intellect and [illegible]

[illegible] was charged [illegible] activity [illegible] again. The change of the mechanism [illegible] and the triumphant [illegible] the recollection of the [illegible] little game of presenting [illegible] the atoms in motion.

A. J. J.

TRAVEL

(Continued from preceding page)

deal to do and see. The Tower of London really consists of a number of separate buildings, surrounded by elaborate battlements in the form of a double wall, both of which are marked at short intervals by small towers rising above the general level of the walls. These fortifications, although they would offer almost no obstacle today to a battery of field artillery must have been of immense strength to an age without explosives. On the ground enclosed by these walls are no less than seven buildings — the whole Tower covers an area of thirteen acres — in addition to which there are some other buildings such as the Bloody Tower, and the Yeoman Gaoler's House, which form part of the walls. Among the detached buildings are the White Tower dating from a very few years after the Norman Conquest, the Barracks, the Guard House, and the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula (in chains — a peculiarly suitable dedication for a Church within a prison). The Jewel House, the Sword Room and the Weapon Room are the most interesting features of buildings that are replete with historical associations. Sir Francis Younghusband, a former Lieutenant of the Tower has written a most interesting book about it.

Although a Christian shrine, St. Paul's Cathedral should be seen by every visitor to London, be he Jew or Gentile. Comparatively modern as buildings go in London, it was erected after the Great Fire of 1666, Sir Christopher Wren being the architect. It was thirty-five years in building and Wren's salary during that period never exceeded £200 per annum. The Building Committee in charge of operations almost broke his heart with delays and changes but he lived to see it completed and was buried within the walls. His tomb is marked by the simple words "Si monumentum requiris circumspice" — "If thou requirest a monument gaze around thee." Since 19[illegible] St. Paul's has been in the builders' hands to repair and strengthen a fabric weakened by the constant thunder of London's heavy motor traffic. This work has been completed but recently and their Majesties attended in State the services that were held to mark the achievement of the work.

Another day, by way of change and relief from the roar and bustle of London, an excursion may well be made by motor coach or private car through Windsor and Hampton Court — the site of Cardinal Wolsey's great Palace — to Stoke Poges. In this charming old English village is the church-yard made famous by Thomas Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard, familiar to every high school pupil.

Another day at least should be spent in the British Museum, and another in the National and Tate Galleries. One day should be given to Westminster Abbey and a visit to the Great Synagogue, the chief [illegible] devoted to Jewish worship. The latter was built in [illegible], and [illegible] a site used for the same purpose from a much earlier date. Nearby is the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, said to be the oldest in England. Naturally the ladies will want to have a day or two at the shops and [illegible] Liberty's, Harrods, Selfridge's and Swan & Edgar's. There are also small shops too numerous to mention in the vicinity of Bond St. where the most exclusive creations of the couturiers, [illegible] the best of men's clothing are to be found. It is a peculiarity of these small shops that they make little or no visible effort to attract the passer-by, indeed it is hardly an exaggeration to say that a man must have an introduction to enter [illegible] the English [illegible] a [illegible]

We have not [illegible] the evening [illegible] theatre [illegible] London [illegible] New York [illegible] matter of [illegible] The [illegible] of [illegible] better [illegible] account [illegible]

[illegible]

I [illegible] realize [illegible] difficulties [illegible]

YOUR INVESTMENTS

Dominion Bridge Has Big Volume of Work in Prospect

DOMINION Bridge Co. Ltd. is tendering on a Harbour Commission bridge across the Lachine Canal between locks 1 and 2. The structure will consist of a double lift bridge, connecting the harbour railway with Windmill Point. It is understood that the undertaking will involve more than a million dollars. The draughting department is busily occupied at the present time in the preparation of plans and estimate.

In addition to the above contract, work is expected within a month or so in connection with the terminal project. There is, however, no likelihood of these orders coming into the 1929—1930 records so that the earnings of the current fiscal year will not reflect this volume of new business. The structural steel order of the Bell Telephone extension and several other undertakings will also be carried over into next year's business.

The Lachine plant is working on a ten-hour shift at the present time. A number of fair sized orders brings the structural work on hand to approximately 8,000 tons of steel. The most important of this group is the municipal contract from Quebec City for several hundred thousand dollars worth of steel for harbor construction.

Vancouver continues to keep the Pacific Coast plant active with substantial building orders. In Winnipeg and other centres no improvement in "below capacity" production which has prevailed for some time is reported.

Corporation News

BRAZILIAN TRACTION

Net earnings of the Brazilian Traction Light & Power Company for June amounted to $2,471,239, an increase of $43,947 over the corresponding period of last year.

Gross earnings for the month of June 1930, show the first monthly decrease in some time at $4,146,884 against $4,210,893, a drop of $64,009 from June, 1929. However, the decrease in gross is more than made up for by a reduction at $1,675,645 for June 1930, against $1,783,601 in 1929. Net, therefore, is up $43,947 from $2,427,292 to $2,471,239.

For the year to date gross shows an increase of $249,334 at $24,286,359 and net an increase of $280,635 at $14,021,025.

PAGE HERSEY TUBES

The first six months of Page Hersey's current fiscal year ended June 30th. The company operates plants in Canada and the United States. Building operations in both countries, while not as large as last year to date, have been maintained on a large scale, as has construction of various kinds, with which the company's business also is identified. In view of this and the strong working position of the company, with the company's business also contracted under advantageous terms, it should come through the year 1930 with earnings far in excess of dividend requirements.

LAKE SUPERIOR

Recent strength in Lake Superior Corporation shares reflect expectations that the annual report, which will appear soon, will show a fairly substantial amount earned on the common although not so much as in the 1928-1929 period.

CANADIAN VICKERS

The position of Canadian Vickers Limited is reported to have undergone steady improvement during the past few months. The greatest improvement is understood to have taken place in the Industrial department which at one time was considered one of the weakest units in the company. At present this department has about $1,000,000 worth of work ahead of it and is so busy that two shifts are being operated.

GOODYEAR TIRE

In president C. H. Carlisle's summary of operating results for the first nine months of the current fiscal year of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company it was intimated that business has not been as large this year as last but that sales should be regarded as satisfactory when compared with the available business. This is taken to mean that the company has been capturing more than its proportion of the trade that has developed in Canada.

MONTREAL EXHIBITION

Recent unofficial reports of a substantial gain in earnings by Montreal Exhibition Company are fully borne out by figures of the actual results for the present season to the end of June. After deduction of all expenses, interest, etc. net earnings show an increase of $33,400 as compared with the corresponding period a year ago.

DISTILLERS SEAGRAM

Preliminary estimates indicate that earnings for most of the year for Distillers Seagram will likely run considerably ahead of the corresponding period in the previous year. It is also pointed out, however, that there were some abnormal factors to account for the increase which will not have the same effect on earnings in the future.

Mining & Oil

The confidence with which the management of International Nickel is carrying forward operations on an increasing scale suggests optimism in regard to the future, in spite of the fact that the price of the red metal has dropped to a new low of 11 cents per pound. The company in a few weeks will be in a position to produce nickel, copper, silver, gold and platinum metals at a rate which, at current prices, would represent an annual output valued at $98,000,000, on which a conservative calculation would indicate profits of approximately $50,000,000 or about [illegible] per share on the amount of stock to be outstanding when present financing is completed. Production capacity presently of 180,000,000 lbs. of nickel, [illegible] lbs. of copper, $1,000,000 gold, $1,000,000 silver and $4,000,000 of the platinum group is in view.

TECK HUGHES

Within the next four months the Teck-Hughes Gold Mines will be producing at a rate of between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 annually. The present rate is between $4,900,000 and $5,000,000 annually; in other words, the increase in production to take place within the next four months will equal $1,000,000. This will be accomplished without the handling of more ore than at present being handled daily.

BARRY HOLLINGER

The stope on the 1625 foot level of Barry-Hollinger is showing values of $31.60 over 25 inches width of ore found in the foot-wall. Values of [illegible] are reported to have been found over 48 inches in the centre of the stope. Barry expects to reach 1750 feet this week, with the present objective of 2,000 feet. Production in June is understood to be around $20,000 and is now showing a small profit over the mining, milling and development expenses.

BIG MISSOURI

No further word has been heard as to the proposed mill for the Big Missouri

(Continued on page 15)

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[illegible]

NATIONAL [illegible]
[illegible] St. James [illegible]

Mining & Oil

([illegible] from page 14)

[illegible] Official information is [illegible] will be erected. It is [illegible] affair will most likely [illegible]. The decision is said to [illegible] the return of W. M. [illegible] the Great Slave Lake [illegible] Archibald is vice-president [illegible] for Consolidated [illegible]

[illegible]EY GOLD

[illegible] Howey seems to be [illegible] not on a sufficiently [illegible] permit a reasonable pro- [illegible] solution would be [illegible] capacity. Large scale [illegible] to reduce costs per [illegible] be expected to yield [illegible] profit with mill-head [illegible]

GRANADA ROUYN

Granada Rouyn started its mill on June 24 and a certain amount of low grade ore was put through during the tuning up process. Later better ore was used for mill feed, some of which was classed as high grade. Granada Rouyn is expected to ship its first gold brick around the middle of next month.

CALMONT OIL

Calmont No. 4 is drilling from 4,677 feet in the lower Fernie formation. This is the nearest well to Calmont No. 2. No. 4, present depth is only about 100 feet from where No. 2 hit the lime. No. 7 and its offset to the south, Associated No. 2 appare[illegible] encountered the lime with only a difference of 8 feet. Both of them are 150 feet higher on the structure than Associated No. 1 which struck production at 2,2 feet in the lime.

OTTAWA

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Engel, of New York, motored to Ottawa and visited for a week with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kert.

* * *

Miss Rose Grabsheid, of New York, is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Abelson.

* * *

Mrs. J. I. Marks and sons, Lionel and Edgar, have returned from a motor trip to New York.

* * *

Hyman Astroff, of Chicago, is spending a two weeks' vacation with his wife and children who are summering at Aylmer, P.Q.

* * *

Mrs. Geo. M. Wolf and children have returned home after spending ten days at Norway Bay. Mark Abramson was with them there.

* * *

Mrs. L. Davis is home after spending two weeks in Norway Bay.

* * *

Mrs. Hy Gould and her sister, Miss Goldie Levine, were in Ste. Agathe for a few weeks.

* * *

Joseph Tepper, artist, of New York, spent a week in Aylmer the guest of Mrs. Geo. Speirer, of New York. Mrs. Tepper, of Austria, will remain here for the rest of the summer.

* * *

Miss Mary Benwick entertained at an evening of bridge in honour of Mrs. A. Rosenberg, of San Antonio, Texas.

* * *

Mrs. I. Zelnick entertained at a linen shower in honour of Miss Anne Cooper. A miniature bride and groom and lighted candles centered the tea table. Assisting were Mrs. B. Bookman, Mrs. D. Ginsberg and the Misses Rose Miller, Gertrude Sugarman, Minnie Zelnick, Anne Kronick, and Naomi Cooper.

* * *

Born, at the Ottawa Civic Hospital July 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. David Wechlow (formerly Elsa Rosenthal), of White Plains, N.Y., a daughter.

THE STREET OF CHAINS

(Continued from page 8)

you, but I'll never touch a cent of your money, so you see you have to come back to keep it from going to waste."

They stopped then on the wide pavement of the Avenue and faced each other with probing eyes.

"You love me, Tress," Joe said exultantly. "Why don't you marry me tomorrow? Or tonight maybe. If you married me I'd come back. They couldn't keep me from coming back if you belonged to me."

"Joe, I can't." It was wrenched from her; he was putting the issues of life and death into her hands.

"Why?"

"I've—always wanted to get away from the Ghetto."

"I might have known. I ought to hate you. Instead, I'd be willing for one of their shells to get me if I could have you first and go out remembering what heaven was like. I wouldn't ask anything more of life if I could have you before I go. I wouldn't come back to bother you if you're ashamed of me and our people."

"I'm not ashamed. Only I can't marry you."

"You don't know how I want you."

"Yes, I know. And . . . you can have me, Joe."

CHAPTER IX

The night before Don's departure for the Texas flying field where he was to train for the Air Corps, Aunt Henny gave a family dinner in his honor and Uncle Freddy presented him with a platinum wrist watch. The Delavan-Frese relations became so cordial that Grace told Henny she had never eaten a tastier or a better served dinner, and Henny told Grace exactly how her cook made the sauce béarnaise for the filet mignon and the cheese sticks for the salad.

After the meal, which seemed totally unrelated to the current program for food conservation, Freddy insisted on stuffing three Corona Coronas into Adam's pocket before he had finished lighting the cigar the maid had passed. Adam puffed, sipped his Benedictine luxuriously, put three pieces of sugar in his coffee, and confided that on occasions like this a fellow realized what it meant to have a prince for a brother-in-law. His confidences went further. They included the information that when first Steve Harkness started coming around and saying how anxious he was to have Don go down to Texas with him, his father-love had balked, but that when he realized what it meant for Don to have a pal like Steve, and what it meant for fellows like Harkness and young Mike Gruentarm to give up their careers and go into the flying game, he had decided that he had no right to keep his boy from being a darn-fool hero too.

Freddy said quite so and that it meant a whole lot to a man in his position to realize that his young folks were on the right track and that Don could count on his Uncle Fred to give a bang-up dinner for him and his buddies before they went overseas, and that if the boys wanted a little diversion all the girls from the Follies would be asked to the party. Then he pinched Carlie's ear and put his hand on Tress's smooth copper head and asked jovially:

"But what are our girls doing for their country? Time you were falling in love with some of our handsome young officers. Seen anyone you particularly like the looks of, young ladies? If you have, say the word and I'll fetch him around. How about your friend Captain Harkness, Don? Isn't he a good number?"

"The best you ever met," Don said. "But not much on fussing. All he thinks about is wings. He's just naturally an air bird."

"Can't you change the air bird to a domestic animal, Carlie?" Uncle Freddy asked, with a glance that invited the room to enjoy his bon mot.

"He's a Gentile," Carlie said simply.

"Well, I like that. Does not disqualify him? How about me?" Uncle Freddy strutted then. His manner said that he had her there. But Carlie looked at him without wavering and the sunny pools of her eyes darkened and seemed like still and almost sullen ponds of fathomless black. Her voice was still too and had no sign of a ripple as she said gravely:

"I'm sure I don't know what the Delavans would have done without you, Uncle Fred. You have always been very generous to us. . . ." ("But you were never of us," her manner added as she went on with increasing simplicity): "I like you for an uncle, but you see I could never have married you because I'm a Gruentarm at heart, and we Gruentarms always marry men and women of our own race."

Henny said she supposed then she wasn't a Gruentarm and Henriette said, No, she was a Delavan and ought to be glad of it, and everyone laughed and said wasn't Carlie too absurd. But Tress set her lips in a thin line and wondered why she had not known in time that she too was a Gruentarm at heart. . . . Carlie had never swerved from her loyalty to Grampa's teachings. Carlie had given up the Christmas Tress dance to stay home with Grampa one night long ago. And he had died in Carlie's arms—happy because he was in Carlie's arms, but blessing her, his Theresa, at the last. Would Grampa bless her now if he knew that she had married Dicky Wilton and given her body with her tardy, stupid heart to Joe Morgenstern?

A sudden passion of devotion shook Tress. She remembered that she and Carlie had sworn loyalty, fidelity, concord, and unity to each other and to Don. It seemed to her that no matter how she stumbled and blundered, Grampa would forgive her if she kept Carlie from stumbling and blundering too. In that moment she was not quite clear about the difference between Grampa and God. But she knew that she could use herself and her beautiful body as she liked and retain her faith in herself intact if, only, she never failed Carlie.

"And Joe," she added silently and in her heart. It was a prayer. But Dicky Wilton had no place in her prayer.

(Continued on page [illegible])

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every friday

"Sometimes when people censure me,
I tell them without rancor,
That for what it cost me to be free,
I might have had an anchor."

At a special confirmation service in a new Liberal synagogue in London, England, at which the confirmants were all girls, the rabbi spoke of the responsibilities and duties of Jewish womanhood, of the happiness of Jewish home life and the great part played by Jewish women in communal life. The country is a different one but the speech is the same. The problems are very much the same, too, surprisingly so in some instances.

People assembled at an at home in connection with a Jewish day school were told by a rabbi that if the children were not brought up to be conscious Jews and Jewesses the future of Judaism in England would not be a bright one. Without a Jewish education and Jewish sentiment no Jew could be happy. The first thing to do was to see that children received an adequate Jewish education in adequate Jewish surroundings. Another speaker viewed with the greatest possible alarm, just as they do here, the enormous indifference of the parents to the upbringing (from the Jewish point of view) of the children. He mentioned that, although there was anti Semitism in the ordinary schools and a *numerus clausus* in one, Jewish parents had been heard to boast that they had been fortunate enough to have had their children accepted.

One Jewish writer says "I have heard religiously observant Jewish people express the conviction that in a hundred years' time there will be no Jewish community in London. They point to the growing number of young people who are marrying outside the faith and to the weakening hold Jewish practice has upon those who still nominally call themselves Jews. They feel in their bones the coming disintegration of their community life. They feel powerless in their own generation to stem the tide of assimilation and indifference which is sweeping over the Jewish scene. In London, even the East End, to which at one time weary Jewish West-Enders used to turn, even as they turned eastwards in their synagogues, is becoming increasingly unorthodox. There being no further influx of [illegible] foreign Jews, the generations that are growing up are becoming more and more like the rest of London Jewry."

The last gathering of the World Union of Progressive Judaism to take place in England was marked by the surrender to Liberal Judaism of an important congregation which had held aloof for a long time and which originally was definitely devoted to Reform. In an editorial on the subject the *London Jewish Chronicle* finds that "English Jewry is left with but two representations of Jewish thought. The one is anti-tradition and the other is based on a clinging to tradition no matter how outworn or howsoever inimical, in a vast number of instances, to the religious sentiments of those who formally adhere to it. The essence of the trouble is in the slackness and indifference to matters religious that are so general, and the [illegible] about the claims of the Jewish faith upon all Jews."

Recently there appeared in the British Medical Journal an advertisement in which it was stipulated that "Jews or men of color" were not wanted. Although English Jews repeat over to themselves that there is no anti-Semitism in England, this advertisement was taken strong exception to, indeed, and was considered so gratuitously offensive by the Jewish publications that the usual American apologetic explanation was received from the British Medical Association. The person who usually scrutinized advertisements for this offensive stipulation was away on holiday, regrettable oversight and accidents happen etc. etc.

"[illegible]", the [illegible] of all the Jewish newspaper writers, here and abroad, writes the following [illegible] in her column in the *London Jewish World* entitled "Through a Woman's Eyes".

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the *gander* and it is upon this principle that much of our modern morality is based. Women smoke and drink because there is no reason why they should not if men do. Women are unfaithful wives because men are unfaithful *husbands*. I know that many men do hold the view that a *knowledge of their own* amatory escapades encourages flippancy in their wives. *In order to preserve* for them the virtuous wives which their *dignity and comfort demand*, they assiduously build up for their families a *conception of themselves* as superior beings far and away beyond all their *code of living*. *And every now and again the bubble bursts because fate, which is a whimsical kind* of fairy, sports with some good gent who, in dying, provides gossip and scandal for weeks. Is moral camouflage psychologically right? According to men who insist on a rigid moral code for their wives while reserving many little pleasing discrepancies for themselves, they are justified in the pretence they make of morality in that it preserves the earnestness and purpose of their women-folk. Men like change. They get bored quickly either by a very virtuous or a very wicked wife. There would be considerably fewer marriage failures to record in our midst, if we would only teach our young people the art of behaving like decent men and women instead of stuffing their heads with a lot of nonsensical theories about women's rights and men's wrongs or vice versa."

The last excerpt is from the *London Jewish World*, a magazine for *the Jewish home*, the purity of which speakers cling to over there as well as here. Evidently, whatever the Jewish world is coming to [illegible] will be shared by its inhabitants in much the same way wherever they are.

[illegible]

From Our Contemporaries

Shanghai Editor Sends Objection

Shanghai, China,
July 4th, 1939

Editor,
Canadian Jewish Review.

Dear Sir: As you have seen fit to give special prominence to an article (a silly article) by Mr. Charles H. Joseph, of Pittsburgh, Pa., in your issue of May 30, 1939, under the caption, "Let us face the Truth," may I hope that you will kindly see your way to publish the enclosed text of a leader entitled, "Mr. Charles H. Joseph, a Pious Fraud," which appears in to-day's issue of Israel's Messenger?

I am sure it will do no harm to C. H. Joseph if you can help him to see himself as others see him from a distance, so that perchance he may drop his silly tactics to hurt the feelings of millions of Jews who have not abandoned the **Emunah** of their fathers to return to their ancient country and to possess their inheritance and become a nation as in the days of yore.

It is a sad testimony of the decadence of Jewishness that we have to contend today with active disruptives in our camp, who would rather see the Arabs win and dominate Israel's ancient homeland, than Israel be free from the yoke of the other nations who seek to dominate him and crush his nationhood for ever. The fanaticism of C. H. Joseph deserves to be curbed and I hope you will give this letter and the leader referred to above, the same prominence as you did to the latter's diatribes in your esteemed journal.

With Zion's hopes and greetings,
I remain,
Yours for a political Jewish Homeland
N. E. B. Ezra,
Founder-Editor, Israel's
Messenger.

The item Mr. Ezra sends for publication is as follows:

Students of Jewish history need not be reminded of the ancient AMALEK we fought Israel at Birfidim, in the hope of wiping him out root and branch. We had also **Haman**, the prototype of **Amalek**, who had equally played an ignoble role in history, although eventually he was discomfited by **Esba Elohim**. Then we had the **Preferkorns** galore, who had exhibited brutal callousness to Israel's sufferings and who passed away with the inscriptions of **Mishley**, on their tombstones, namely, **Shem resha'im yirkab!** Unfortunately, the list of informers has not yet been closed: Israel is still a victim of his own inner implacable foes who seek to trouble him and undermine his existence. For some years past there have been a number of [illegible] hailing mostly from the 'Liberal' wing, who tried to hurt rational Judaism by taking crafty counsel against Israel saying, "Come let us exterminate them from being a nation, so that the name of Israel be no more in remembrance" (Psalms). Some such devices are being contrived to-day by a coterie of so-called 'liberal' Jews who have an innate hatred of Zion and Zionists, and who dislike to see Israel ending his national homelessness and conquering the exile and the dark forces with which he is beset. Our attention has lately been drawn to some scurrilous diatribes by Charles H. Joseph, a member of a Reform Synagogue in Pittsburgh. The latter had the astounding courage to attack the Zionists and their aspirations in his syndicated weekly contributions (which we are sorry to say were published without reservations in several Jewish weeklies) which stamps the writer thereof as a man of unsound principle and an informer worthy of the most rabid anti-Semite. Mr. Joseph could not have rendered a better service or given welcome aid and comfort to Israel's foes, than by inditing the above mentioned diatribes. Airing his views on Zionism, or rather anti-Zionism, the modern **Amalek** actually threw the weight of his influence on the side of the Arab propagandists supporting their unjust claims to Palestine and thereby throwing his own kith and kin into the dungeons for the lions to devour them. Mr. Charles H. Joseph who is still included in the **K'lal Yisrael** had the temerity to indite the following inflammatory squib:—

"In the name of millions of Jews ask the Jewish Agency to amend those sections of the Palestine Mandate which stress the nationalistic ambitions of the Jews."

The foregoing is a striking illustration of the mentality of the man who pretends to speak in the name of millions of Jews." What a brazen effrontery, to be sure! What a pious fraud!" Could **azuth panim** go any further? Who has given this obscure journalist the mandate to speak in the name of his co-religionists, who disown him and challenge his right to speak in their name? We must be living in the dark ages indeed when we could allow a charlatan like C. H. J. to disturb the House of Israel by his fanatical outbursts and high-handed action to speak in "the name of millions of Jews." Our Arab neighbours must be chuckling with joy at the realisation of a Jewish (?) journalist attempting to speak with some show of authority to the world! Verily, C. H. J. has out-heroded Herod in his madness to hurt Israel's national aspirations by his tactless and unwarrantable intervention in a movement in which he has no right to [illegible] at all his views in "the name of millions of Jews." C. H. J. must be fighting for windmills, otherwise it is inconceivable how he can dare attempt to speak in behalf of "millions of Jews" which we suppose must be the lost "Ten Tribes of Israel." It is hard to hear in these days of enough sufferings the stupidity of a scribbler, who not only exposes himself, but seeks to drag others into contempt and ridicule in the eyes of the whole world. There can be no argument with C. H. J. whose propensity to exalt himself as a [illegible] must be as contemptible as the [illegible] of the [illegible] were in the Medieval Ages. At one time, we were of the opinion that Jews had been rid of [illegible] within her own camp; but the case referred to above makes us feel that we were mistaken. [illegible] "Beware of one who has nothing to lose." C. H. J. has deceived the Arabs, stirred false hopes in their breasts, but the Jew who is conscious of his destiny will be deceived by one who is like [illegible]

"The New Generation"

Dr. [illegible] Margolies, Editor of THE DAY, says:

Sometime ago, while reading the Jewish papers in the course of my [illegible] as well as in the desire to get an intelligent conception of what transpires in the Jewish world, I was particularly impressed by a short news item, which I had seen several times before and which I noticed continued to [illegible] with [illegible] regular frequency, [illegible] of the whole Jewish [illegible] in the United States [illegible] This news item [illegible] a certain Horowitz was [illegible] in America [illegible] Galicia, Poland, Roumania [illegible] Russia, Hungary and the [illegible] and kindly [illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible] of the young and [illegible] a [illegible] proposition.

Today as I look out from the [illegible] point of my position [illegible] and those students of the [illegible] American Jewish scene, I [illegible] a different picture and I am afraid that I must now [illegible] Jewish [illegible] fathers and mothers, [illegible] your own children [illegible] while I speak and ask yourself! How much [illegible] in common with you? How much of the Jewish tradition do they share with you? How much of what has been dear and sacred to countless Jewish generations do they [illegible] with you? [illegible] how many of the Jewish [illegible] have they [illegible] You know the answer.

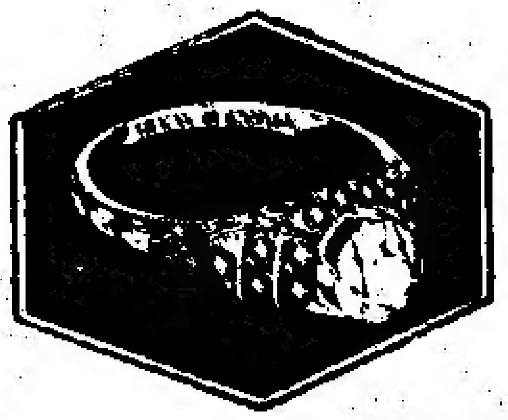
I shall not now [illegible] parents, [illegible] new generation [illegible] the [illegible] Jewish traditions — Judaism in America [illegible] I shall not [illegible] [illegible] personal [illegible] which [illegible] in your children [illegible] the same way as

[illegible] generations [illegible] Jewish [illegible] for as a cultural group we still [illegible] America and to the world. [illegible] Nonconformism [illegible] Judaism [illegible] The world today, more than ever before, is in need of our [illegible] religious [illegible] of the infinite. Believe me, it is no mere accident that Einstein, the great [illegible] after the riddle of the Universe, was born within the Jewish fold. [illegible] we still have a [illegible] contribution [illegible] American life [illegible] our [illegible] first and the

[illegible] This [illegible] would be a [illegible] that should be [illegible] spiritual [illegible] Jewish young men and women [illegible] culture [illegible] Jewish [illegible] fundamentally these two are the same [illegible] the Jewish source [illegible] attractive [illegible] the American.

[illegible] Jewish [illegible] literature [illegible] the language [illegible] Jewish literary [illegible] daily — [illegible] constant direction and approving eyes of the Jewish parents — may yet bring back to the American Jewish youth that lost interest in the Jewish heritage which to all of us is priceless and which we all would like to see preserved and handed down — enriched if possible but at all events intact — to the next generation of American Jews.

This can be done if we only will it. The stuff of a dream is in it to become — in this wish of making our American Jewish youth our own and Jewish. But here, more perhaps than in any other juncture is applicable the famous saying of Dr. Theodor Herzl, the great dreamer, the 26th anniversary of whose death the whole Jewish world has observed last week: "If you will it — it is no more dream."



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Frozen Fruits

Any canned fruit may be frozen in the can by packing in 3 parts ice to one part salt. Pack over top well with ice and salt and cover with heavy sack to exclude air. Allow from three to five hours. Cut around edge of can and turn out in cylinder. Slice and serve.

Frozen fruits are very pretty when frozen in No. 3 can and with a smaller size (one pound baking powder can may be used) of cherry and nut mousse served on top. To prepare these two cans in ice and salt will require 12½ pounds ice and four pounds ice cream salt.

FROZEN PUDDINGS

Frozen puddings or custards have a cooked foundation and may be frozen without stirring.

Nesselrode Pudding

- 3 egg yolks
- 1 c granulated sugar
- ½ pt cream
- ½ lb mixed crystallized fruits
- 1 c almonds
- 1 c pecans or walnuts
- ½ can pineapple (shredded)
- ½ c wine or fruit juice
- ½ t vanilla
- ½ c boiling water

Chop and pound the almonds. Cut candied fruit and pecans into very small pieces. Pour over them the maraschino and vanilla and let stand until ready for use. Put sugar and water in stew pan and cook until it threads. Beat slowly into egg yolks, cool, add candied fruit, nut, almonds and pineapple. Fold in whipped cream and freeze. This amount will serve 10 to 12 people.

A failure establishes only this, that our determination to succeed was not strong enough.

He that does well in private between God and his own soul, as in public, hath given himself testimony that his purposes are full of honesty and integrity.

Patronize "Jewish Review" Advertisers

Holy Blossom Hebrew Congregation, Rabbi M. N. Eisendrath, Bond Street.

Saturday at 11 a.m., Perry E. Nussbaum, of the Hebrew Union College, will conduct the services.

SAMUEL FACTOR,
Liberal Member-Elect For Centre West, Toronto.

Deaths

Abe Lyons, died July 26th, at the age of 61 years, at the Toronto General Hospital. He was a member of the Rehoboam Masonic Lodge and an old boy of Wellesley School. Funeral services were held at F. W. Matthews' Parlors, Spadina Avenue, and burial took place at the Holy Blossom Cemetery, Pape Avenue.

At St. Mary's Hospital, Kitchener, Saturday, July 26th., Mrs. Chaya Segel, died age 67 years. Mrs. Segel lived at 76 Wright Avenue, Toronto, and leaves a daughter, Mrs. William Clavir, of Kitchener; sons, I. Segel, of Hamilton; M. Segel and R. Segel, of Toronto; and J. Segel, of Kitchener; sisters, Mrs. G. Soskin, of Los Angeles; Mrs. M. Levine, Mrs. C. B. Levy, Mrs. L. Smith and Mrs. Fanny Marks, all of Toronto; and brothers David Cass, of Toronto; and William Cass, of Los Angeles. Interment took place Sunday, July 27th, at McCaul Street, Synagogue Cemetery.

LOEW'S THEATRE

Louis Mann's talking picture debut and a stage bill of headliners will draw the crowds to the cool environs of Loew's Theatre next week.

Louis Mann is one of the great character actors of the spoken stage and he is now to be an ace star with the articulate celluloids. He is the central figure of the story "Sins of the Children" which J. C. Nugent and his son Elliot wrote for the screen, and in which Elliott Nugent is chief support for the brilliant star. Leila Hyams, Robert Montgomery, Francis X Bushman Jr., Mary Doran, and Jeane Wood are among the interesting young people who figure in this story of old world traditions applied to the pace of the younger generation in America. Louis Mann is ideal as Adolf a delightful old barber who pilots his family through the vicissitudes of life while his former partner rises to an exalted position on a sea of good fortune, where however, chaos cannot be escaped when ill winds blow.

"Sins of the Children" is a powerful modern drama of old age and youth in which a brilliant cast figures under the able direction of Sam Wood.

The stage bill shares the spotlight between Betty Jane Cooper, and her nifty revue, Elizabeth Brice, the musical comedy favorite, and Ole and Snyder, who present the comedy skit "The Director." Two other smart novelty acts round out a first class entertainment.

FRATERNAL SOFTBALL

Recent games resulted in Bnai Brith taking second place by a small margin, over L.O.I.P., Judeans knocking off the Foresters, in the latest contest. Robinson, on the mound was too good for the heavy hitting L.O.I.P. nine. The game between Bnai Brith and Pride of Israel, was also a sensational affair, with Harry Sniderman having the edge on "Lefty" Ginsberg, although erratic support, gave the winners their runs in the initial frames.

Managers are requested to note that the schedule has been revised, and the following is the official list of games for the coming week. Two games have been inserted for next Tuesday night, both being postponed fixtures; in the early contest, L.O.I.P. meet Pride of Israel, and the former must win to keep up with Bnai Brith for second place. With Ginsberg twirling some outstanding games, the Prides have a great chance to upset the battering Foresters. Bnai Brith play the Knights of Pythias, in the closer, and should win, unless the latter shows some strength. Bnai Brith tangle up with Pride of Israel in the first game on Friday night, while the leading Judeans play the Pythians, in the closing affair.

BELLWOODS LEAGUE

The feature of recent games in the Bellwoods Park Softball League, was the fine victory of A.Z.A. over the leading Diamonds, by which the Frat team took second place. The exhibition game on Thursday, which attracted a capacity crowd resulted in a win for the locals by 14 to 3, the fine play of Rubin, Fisher and Rosenberg standing out. Next Thursday, Lynn play A.Z.A. in the early game, with Rolex playing Diamonds in the late game.

IN MEMORIAM

The unveiling of a tombstone in memory of the late Newman Centner and Fannie Gould will take place Sunday, August 3rd., at 11 a.m. at the McCaul Street Cemetery.

Card of Thanks

Mrs. Edwin Adel (née Thelma Clavir) wishes to extend to her relatives and friends her sincere thanks for their kindness during her illness.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Starkman, Dundas Street West, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter Lillian, to Henry Sackin, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Sackin, Markham Street.

Keep your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illumined by the radiance of God.

Earth is only comprehensible to those who have known heaven. Without the world of religion, the world of sense offers nothing but a desolating element.

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TORONTO SOCIAL

Mrs. Lionel A. Singer, Austin Terrace, was hostess at a dinner on Friday evening last in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dalrow, of Chicago.

* * *

Mrs. Singer, has with her for a few days her mother, Mrs. L. Lapides, of Rochester, N.Y.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. Shimonsky, [illegible] Avenue, have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jacobs, Jr., of Cincinnati who will return home this week end.

* * *

Miss Frances Wolpaw, David Wolpaw and Mrs. Harry Wolpaw, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Edith [illegible], of New York, will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Allen, [illegible] Drive.

* * *

Those complimenting Mrs. Lester Miller, of Brooklyn, N.Y., were Mesdames Sigmund Frankel, H. Gleichen, L. Levy and Fred Singer at dinner parties, and Mesdames L. Singer, H. Nusbaum and R. Jacobs, at [illegible].

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. [illegible] Hill Road, motored to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, N.Y., during the week end.

* * *

Miss Ruth [illegible], [illegible] Road, who spent several weeks in Chicago, is expected home at the end of the week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Street, are leaving on a vacation in the [illegible] region, [illegible].

* * *

Miss [illegible], of New York, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. Levy, [illegible] Street, en route to visit her sister, Mrs. [illegible], of [illegible], with whom she will spend the summer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] have just returned home after a [illegible] at [illegible] Beach.

* * *

Mrs. [illegible] with Mr. and Mrs. [illegible].

* * *

[illegible]

* * *

Miss [illegible] Road, is spending a few weeks in Cleveland, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible].

* * *

Miss [illegible] with her parents Mr. and Mrs. [illegible].

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], of [illegible], Ontario, who were visiting the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Street, have returned home.

* * *

[illegible], of [illegible], N.Y., is expected in town during the week and while here will be a guest at the home of Mrs. [illegible] Road.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Boulevard, have as their guests Miss [illegible] and Mrs. [illegible], of Detroit, Michigan.

* * *

Mrs. [illegible] is arranging to [illegible] Miss [illegible], of New York.

* * *

[illegible], of Detroit, is spending a short time here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Boulevard.

* * *

Mrs. [illegible] Ossington [illegible], is spending a few months in the [illegible].

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] and family, Ossington Avenue, spent the week end at [illegible] Beach visiting friends.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Friedman and daughter, Zelda, Bond Road, have returned home after spending ten days with Mrs. Wm. Goldstein, Pleasant Point.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. M. A. [illegible] and family, [illegible] Road, spent the week-end in Detroit and on their return were accompanied by their son, [illegible], who spent a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. [illegible].

* * *

[illegible]

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] are summering at [illegible].

* * *

Harry [illegible] Street, is summering at [illegible].

* * *

[illegible]

* * *

Miss [illegible]

* * *

[illegible]

* * *

Mrs. [illegible]

* * *

[illegible]

* * *

[illegible]

* * *

A [illegible]

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[illegible]

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M. H. Centner, 230 Heath Street West, visited Mr. and Mrs. George W. Cohen in Montreal.

* * *

Mrs. David H. Fagman, of Detroit, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. Levin, Lyndhurst Avenue, has returned home after a three weeks' stay.

* * *

Mrs. A. Greben and family, Ossington Avenue, are visiting in New York, the guests of her sisters, Mrs. Betty Marks and Miss Goldie Goolman.

* * *

Mrs. H. Baker and daughter, Rose, Melrose Avenue, motored to New York for a visit.

* * *

Mrs. M. Nowack and Mrs. J. H. Males, Huron Street, entertained at a theatre party and tea as a courtesy to Mrs. E. Zien, of Winnipeg, Man.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sommerstein and family, Kendal Avenue, are summering at Lakeside House, Jackson's Point.

* * *

Miss Lillian Lieberman, Cedarvale Mansions, who was the guest of Miss Ruth Gellman, Niagara Falls, N.Y., for the past week, has returned home.

* * *

Mrs. J. Sommerstein, Kendal Avenue, entertained at bridge in compliment to Misses Thelma Vineberg and Kate Mintz, of New York; and Mrs. Eichler, of Detroit.

* * *

Miss H. Goldman and family, Beatrice Street, have returned from Bronte where they spent a few weeks.

* * *

Miss Sophie Shapiro, Beatrice Street, is spending her vacation at Crystal Beach and Buffalo, N.Y.

* * *

Misses Sec and Sylvia Smith are summering at Port Carling.

Miss Eva Landsman, Dundas Street West, spent the week-end at Centre Island, visiting friends.

* * *

Misses Rose Spector and Lillian Robertson spent the week-end at St. Catharines, Ont.

* * *

Complimenting Miss Minn Silverman, a bride-elect of August, were: Mrs. S. Roth, Mrs. J. Steinberg and Mrs. Orenstein, bridge and linen shower at Rubin's; Mrs. D. Mandell and Miss Anne Banks, tea at the **Royal York Hotel**; **Maxwell** Girls Club, bridge and presentation at Reed's tea room, and Mrs. J. Longart, Luncheon, at the Arcadian Court.

* * *

Pete Goodman spent his vacation in Montreal and St. Agathe, Quebec.

* * *

Miss Sophie Simkin, Kippendavie Avenue, has left for Europe and while away will also spend some time in St. Moritz, Switzerland.

* * *

Mrs. F. L. Blinick and children, of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Blinick, Euclid Avenue, and have left for Orillia, Ont., to spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. A. Miller.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Shayle Miller, of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, have gone home after spending two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. I. Cohen, Manning Avenue.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Bochner and son, Lloyd, Bernard Avenue, are on a motor trip through the Maritime Provinces.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Landsberg, Cardinal Place, motored to Montreal over the week-end.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Phillips, of Chicago, are expected in town at the end of the week and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rosenthal, Russel Hill Road.

* * *

Henry S. Rosenberg, Oriole Parkway, spent the week-end at Port Carling with Mrs. Rosenberg, who is summering there.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. Levin, Lyndhurst Avenue, are motoring to the Adirondacks to visit their children at camp.

* * *

F. L. Blinick, of Chicago, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Blinick for a few weeks, has gone home.

* * *

Miss Louise Simkin, Kippendavie Avenue, has left to stay for a few weeks at Crystal Beach.

* * *

Miss Shirley Bernice Kalt has returned home to Detroit after visiting Miss Estelle I. Cohen, Manning Avenue.

* * *

Miss May Gollom, Montrose Avenue, is home from her vacation in Montreal and St. Agathe, Quebec.

* * *

L. Samuels and L. Dingman, of New York, toured west as far as California and are now visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Samuels, Brunswick Avenue, before returning to New York.

* * *

Sammy Kertzer, Grace Street, is visiting in New York, the guest of his brother, Harry Kertzer.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Nowack, Roncesvalles Avenue, entertained in compliment to their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Vernon, of Auburndale, Long Island.

Mrs. M. Stone, Cecil Street, has left to spend several weeks at Saratoga Hot Springs, N.Y.

* * *

Mrs. A. J. Gold and family, University Avenue, are summering at Belle Ewart, Ont.

* * *

Misses Sarah Clouth, Yonge Street, Bessie Rappaport, Manning Avenue, and Ida Cappe are back after spending two weeks at Crystal Beach and Buffalo.

* * *

Mrs. M. A. Levinter, Benson Avenue, has with her for a short stay, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Cohen, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and her niece, Miss Anita Aronson, of East Liverpool, Ohio.

* * *

Mrs. Harry List and family, Wilson Avenue, are spending a few weeks at Waubaushene, Ontario.

* * *

Mrs. D. Rohold, Crawford Street, was hostess at a bridge Thursday evening as a courtesy to Miss Rae Smoller who has left for Chicago. The honoree was presented with a gift. Prize-winners were Misses R. Goodman and R. Smoller and Mrs. A Goodman.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. S. Julias and son, Spadina Avenue, are summering at Belle Ewart, Ontario.

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Miss Celia Rogul, Wells Hill Avenue, entertained at a garden bridge in compliment to Mrs. Harold Cherry (née Esther Horowitz). Sixteen guests were present. Prizes were won by Mrs. S. Silverberg and Misses Pebs Bronstein and Doris Siderson. Presentation.

* * *

Mrs. M. Nowack and Mrs. J. H. Males, Huron Street, entertained at a theatre party and tea in honour of their sister and aunt, Mrs. A. R. Vernon, of Auburndale, Long Island.

* * *

M. and Mrs. H. Bergman and family are summering at Belle Ewart, Ont.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. J. Pollack, Bathurst Street, have as their guests for a week, Mr. and **Mrs. Emmanuel J.** Genesove and Miss Rachel Shapiro, of Ottawa, in compliment to them was hostess at a luncheon at the Arcadian Court.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Stork and daughter, Marcia, Pinewood Avenue are summering at Napanoch, N.Y.

* * *

Mrs. A. Goldman and baby, of Rochester, N.Y., will be in town at the end of the week, the guests of Mrs. I. Smith, Indian Road.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wagman, Austin Terrace, have returned from Muskoka and are leaving at the end of the week for Georgian Bay, where they will spend a short time.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. S. Taylor, Wineva Avenue, have as their guests, their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. F. Becker, of Miami Beach, Florida.

* * *

Misses May Silver, Highbourne Road, and Virginia Goldsmith, Walmer Road, are the guests of Miss Thelma Miller at Roche's Point for a few days.

* * *

Mrs. J. Carrick and family, Hamewood Gardens, are summering in Montreal.

* * *

Mrs. Charlie Moses and son, of Hamilton, are with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brody, Walmer Road.

* * *

Mrs. D. Levinne, Braemore Gardens, entertained a few friends from out-of-town on Thursday evening last.

* * *

Mrs. E. Usheroff and son, of Montreal who spent a few weeks with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Greisman, Chaplin Crescent have motored home accompanied by them.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Sapowitch and baby daughter, of Buffalo, spent three weeks here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Goldstein, Keele Street.

* * *

Mrs. M. Steinberg and family, Highbourne Road, are visiting Mrs. Steinberg's sister in Winnipeg.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Rafelman, Prior Street, is spending a short time at Muskoka Lake and is expected home on Monday.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. I. Rogow, of New York, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. Waxman, Geoffrey Apts.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. Balakofsky and son, Detroit, are spending a few weeks in town with the former's mother, Mrs. B. Balakofsky.

* * *

Miss Helen Solomon, nurse-in-training, is expected home on Saturday, August 2nd., to spend a few weeks here with her mother, Mrs. E. Solomon, Markham Street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Freedman and family, accompanied by A. Freedman and son, Bloor Street West, spent the week-end at Lake Wilcox.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. B. Black and sister, Miss Betty James, have returned from a trip to Montreal on the Laurentian.

* * *

Miss Goldye Neuman, of Detroit, was the guest of Miss Minnie Mindlin, Major Street, for the past week. Those who complimented her were: Miss Lottie Cohen, College Street, dinner and evening; Mrs. Mindlin, Major Street, bridge; Miss Fanny Singer, Denison Avenue, dinner and bridge; Miss Sarah Horowitz, College Street, tour through the city and a tea; Miss Minnie Mindlin, theatre and pajama parties, also swimming and farewell party. Presentations were made by Misses Minnie Mindlin, Sarah Horowitz and Fanny Singer. Miss Neuman motored back home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hammerman, of Buffalo, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Goldstein, Keele Street.

* * *

Mrs. D. Davidson and son, Cecil, Vaughan Road, spent a few days at St. Catherines, the guests of Mrs. E. Offstein, formerly Miss Edna Geller, of Toronto.

* * *

Complimenting Miss Gertrude Krasnow, Palmerston Avenue, bride-elect were: Iota Alpha Pi, luncheon and presentation at the Prince George Hotel, Mrs. H. Steiner, Markham Street, tea and presentation at the Royal York Hotel; and Miss Minnie Stein, Crawford Street, luncheon and presentation at the Georgian Room.

* * *

Miss Pearl Lance, of Brooklyn, has returned home after visiting her cousin, Miss Marlie Kringold, Beatrice Street, for a month. Mrs. J. Kringold and daughter, Miss Kringold, have left to spend the rest of the summer at Island Grove, Lake Simcoe. Mr. Kringold will spend the holiday week-end there. Miss Kringold and Mrs. Pearl Geist, of Bronx, New York, spent several days in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N.Y. Mrs. Pearl Geist returned home after visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kringold.

* * *

Those who are registered at Lakeside House, Jackson's Point, are: Mrs. Ranun and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Friedland, Mr. P. Feldman and son, Mr. and Mrs. Zeidel and family, M. Zadnoff, I. Ginsberg, Mr. Ballett, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Appel, L. Anisman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Geldzealer, Mrs. B. Geldzealer and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Soren, Mr. and Mrs. Hollinger and family, Mr. and Mrs. Fish and son, H. Rosenstein, S. Caplan, I. Bellman, A. Marshawsky, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Goldber and child, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Pulian, Mr. and Mrs. F. Gold, Mr. and Mrs. Weingarten and family, Mr. and Mrs. I. Wineberg and family, Mrs. S. Gold and son, Mrs. S. Borsook, Miss B. Borsook, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sommerstein and family, Mrs. Jenice, Mrs. Birenbaum and daughter, Messrs. J. Geslin and B. Geslin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Solway, Mr. and Mrs. Landau and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Fielt and family, Misses Fay Kirsch, Syd. Schein, Ray Simon, R. Weinbron, A. Dolman, G. Weiss, Merle Weiss, Rose Brodt, Sylvia Shekter, Sally Willinsky, Rose Gross, Lil Firestone, Mary Danziger, Sarah Sugar, Beatrice Scher, Rose Fisher, Julia Keyfitz, Lillian Keyfitz, Sarah Stein, Sarah Solway and S. Dolman, Mr. and Mrs. L. Sugar and daughter, A. Rogul and family, D. Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Sigal and family, Mr. and Mrs. Greisman and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Elkin and child, Buffalo, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. D. Hildebrandt, Misses Marion Bronstein and Jean Sherman.

* * *

Miss Ruth Grossman, Montrose Avenue, is holidaying at Lakeside House, Jackson's Point.

* * *

Misses Shirley Sutin, Vaughan Road, and Sarah Applebaum, Leonard Avenue, are vacationing at Wasago Beach.

To honor Miss Pearl Lance, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who was visiting here with Miss Marlie Kringold, Mrs. H. Fruitman, Borden St., gave a tea, dinner, and evening; Miss Rose Levy, Rusholme Road, bridge and presentation; Miss Betty Cohen, Queen Street, dinner and theatre party; Miss Hilda Fruitman, Borden Street, bridge, presentation, theatre and tea; Tau Delta Pi Sorority, dinner and theatre party; Miss Dorothy Greisman, Chaplin Crescent, theatre and tea; Miss Lillian Spinner, Euclid Avenue, tea at the King Edward Hotel; Miss Rose Rubin, Breamore Gardens, pajama party. Mrs. J. Kringold and Miss Marlie Kringold, Beatrice Street, entertained in Miss Lance's honour.

CAMP BNAI BRITH

Ralph Raphael, Chairman of the Application Committee of Camp Bnai Brith, spent the week-end at camp. He took part in the final Council Ring on Sunday night and presented the camp spirit ribbons. The third party, made up mainly of Fraser Centre boys, arrived Monday, July 28th and will remain until August 14th. Al Webber and Chas. Rappaport, and Al Rosenberg of Hamilton joined the staff Monday, July 28th. Cabin Eleven won the Camp Spirit Ribbon in the Second Party: M. Roth, M. Britstone, S. Garten, A. Kopman, M. Wilner, A. Starkman, F. Clarfield. Cabin Twelve, Inspection Ribbon: M. Millrod, G. Winestein, L. Winestein, M. Cohen, P. Pinkus, B. Borsofsky, L. Shiffman, M. Snitman, M. Shiffman. Cabin Nine, won the Athletic Ribbon: S. Diamond, S. Oslinger, A. Mullen, J. Goshinsky, S. Reindorf, M. Pearl, J. Tishler, J. Wisken, B. Greenbaum, C. Duchess. Cabin Eight won the Dramatic Ribbon: S. Goldenberg, J. Fisher, J. Walman, H. Diamond, M. Balofsky, D. Kestenberg, P. Kestenberg, M. Goldstein, R. Gladstone. I. Kaplansky and M. Rachlin obtained First Class Honour Certificates. C. Abrams, H. Garten, A. Otto, R. Gladstone, S. Goldenberg, J. Tishler, G. Winestein, and F. Gottlieb obtained Second Class Honour Certificates. The following obtained A's in Woodcraft: C. Abrams, H. Garten, D. Goldenberg, J. Kopman, A. Brill, I. Kaplansky, M. Rachlin, M. Freedman, M. Stein, R. Gladstone, S. Goldenberg, A. Kopman, G. Weinstein M. Cohen, B. Borsofsky, M. Snitman, M. Shiffman, M. Friedman, F. Gottlieb. The following obtained B's in Woodcraft: S. Fisher, L. Applebaum, I. Kentowitz, O. Lusthouse, D. Slitterman, L. Bainerman, J. Goldstein, I. Millrod, A. Berman, A. Galinsky, A. Gold, F. Dinetz, M. Walman, J. Blitz, S. Kirsh, L. Schiley, M. Winegold, J. Fisher, J. Walman, M. Goldstein, P. Kestenberg, J. Tishler, J. Rosenberg, A. Starkman, F. Clarfield, M. Millrod, L. Winestein, P. Pinkus, L. Shiffman, R. Rich, M. Applebaum, I. Nemerofsky, L. Gazen, S. Golden, P. Gottlieb. The following obtained A's nl Dramatics. S. Roth, C. Abrams, I. Meillac, I. Millrod, M. Lackowitz, H. Garten, A. Brill, I. Kaplansky, M. Racklin, I. Simon, H. Wasserman, M. Winegold, J. Walman, R. Gladstone, S. Goldenberg, S. Oslinger, J. Tishler, A. Kopman, L. Weinstein, G. Weinstein, F. Gottlieb. The following obtained B's in Dramatics: M. Meillack, S. Fisher, I. Kentowitz, J. Goldenstein, S. Swadron, S. Tishler, B. Goldenberg, H. Goldenberg, G. Iscovitz, J. Kopman, H. Gladstone, A. Otto, F. Dinetz, H. Kellamn, J. Fisher, M. Balofsky, A. Mullen, C. Duchess, J. Kendler, J. Rosenberg, M. Roth, M. Millrod, M. Cohen, R. Rich, M. Friedman, S. Golden. The following obtained A's in First Aid: L. Applebaum, I. Kentowitz, C. Abrams, M. Lackowitz, H. Garten, J. Kopman, I. Kaplansky, A. Galinsky, M. Racklin, F. Dinetz, M. Stien, M. Walman, H. Kellamn, L. Schiley, M. Winegold, R. Gladstone, S. Goldenberg, J. Goshinsky, J. Tishler, S. Reindorf, M. Roth, A. Kopman, L. Winestein, G. Weinestein, M. Snitman, L. Gazen, S. Golden, F. Gottlieb. The following obtained B's in First Aid: H. Reindorf, S. Iscovitz, M. Samuels, M. Bonk, S. Swadron, S. Tishler, I. Meillack, I. Millrod, J. Garten, S. Rosenthal, D. Goldenberg, A. Berman, T. Herlick, H. Gladstone, A. Brill, A. Otto, A. Gold, M. Freedman, J. Blitz, W. Galinsky, H. Wasserman, S. Kirsh, J. Fisher, J. Walman, H. Diamond, M. Balofsky, M. Goldstein, P. Kestenberg, S. Diamond, S. Oslinger, A. Millrod, J. Garten, S. Rosenthal, D. Duchess, M. Eisenberg, S. Freedman, P. Wasserman, J. Goldsmith, S. Garten, M. Wilner, A. Starkman, F. Clarfield, M. Millrod, M. Cohen, B. Borsofsky, R. Rich, M. Friedman, I. Nemerofsky, P. Gottlieb. The following obtained A's in Nature Study: I. Kaplansky, M. Racklin, M. Stein, R. Gladstone, J. Tishler, M. Millrod, L. Shiffman, M. Snitman, P. Gottlieb, F. Gottlieb. The following obtained B's in Nature Study: C. Abrams, J. Kopman, H. Bainerman, F. Dinetz, L. Schiley, M. Winegold, J. Goshinsky, G. Weinstein, M. Cohen. The following obtained A's in Track: A. Otto, M. Racklin, I. Kaplansky, M. Freedman, D. Kestenberg, S. Goldenberg, M. Roth, M. Wilner, M. Friedman. The following obtained B's in Track: I. Meillack, A. Galinsky, M. Freedman, H. Bainerman, F. Dinetz, M. Stein, I. Simon, J. Blitz, H. Kellman, S. Kirsch, R. Gladstone, S. Diamond, S. Oslinger, J. Goshinsky, M. Pearl, J. Tishler, S. Reindorf, I. Shogilev, J. Rosenberg, J. Goldsmith, S. Garten, M. Millrod, L. Winestein, P. Pinkus, B. Borsofsky, I. Nemerofsky, F. Gottlieb. The following obtained A's in Boxing: S. Fisher, I. Millrod, S. Kirsh, S. Goldenberg, S. Reindorf, P. Wasserman, M. Cohen, I. Kaplansky, M. Rachlin. The following obtained B's in Boxing: H. Reindorf, C. Abrams, S. Borenstein, J. Borenstein, D. Slitterman, L. Bainerman, S. Tishler, I. Meillack, K. Lackowitz, H. Garten, H. Goldenberg, J. Kopman, A. Gold, F. Dinetz, M. Stein, M. Walman, A. Diamond, M. Freedman, S. Kwinter, J. Blitz, D. Nefsky, W. Galinsky, M. Balofsky, P. Kestenberg, S. Diamond, S. Oslinger, J. Goshinsky, J. Tishler, I. Shogilev, M. Eisenberg, M. Shogilev, J. Rosenberg, M. Britstone, L. Winestein, G. Winestein, P. Pinkus, M. Snitman, M. Friedman, I. Nemerofsky, F. Gottlieb. The following obtained Greens in swimming: Cabin I. L. Applebaum, H. Reindorf; II, H. Hoffman; III, S. Iscovitz, L. Bainerman; IV, H. Garten, D. Goldenberg, A. Brill; V, A. Gold, M. Freedman, H. Bainerman, F. Dinetz, L. Rosenthal; VI, S. Nefsky, M. Freedman; VII, H. Kellamn, B. Nefsky, S. Kirsh, L. Schiley; VIII, M. Balofsky, P. Kestenberg, S. Goldenberg. IX, S. Oslinger, J. Goshinsky, B. Greenbaum; X, J. Kendler, M. Eisenberg, L. Brandwein, M. Goldman, S. Freedman, XI, M. Roth,

S. Garten, A. Kopman, M. Wilner, A. Starkman, P. Clarfield. XII. I. Weinstein, M. Cohen, P. Pinkus, B. Borovsky, I. Shiffman. XIII. R. Roth, M. Miller, I. Nefsky, L. [illegible], E. Gottlieb, M. Applebaum. The following obtained Whites in swimming: Cabin V. A. Cohen. VIII. J. Fisher, B. Gladstone. IX. J. Fisher, [illegible] Wisken. X. P. Wasserman. XI. Manuel Bernstein. The following obtained Reds in swimming: Cabin III. C. Abrams. V. A. Galinsky, M. Rachlin, M. Stein, I. Kaplansky. VI. B. Diamond, D. Rosenberg, M. Goldstein. IX. S. Diamond, S. Reindorf, C. Fisher. X. S. Diamond, I. Kestenberg. XII. G. Weinstein, M. [illegible]. XIII. S. Golden[illegible]. [illegible] The following passed their Life Saving tests in swimming: Cabin III. C. Abrams. VIII. B. Diamond, M. Goldstein. IX. S. Reindorf. XII. G. Weinstein. XIII. S. [illegible]. **Stunt Night** [illegible] was the stunt night held [illegible]. They presented the Ballet of the Wooden Soldiers [illegible] played the piano and [illegible] the soldiers [illegible]

I. Weinstein, M. Shiffman, P. Pinkus. Second Cabin 10 I. Brandwein, J. Goldsmith, M. Eisenberg, J. Rosenberg. Major Section: First Cabin 5 P. Dinets, I. Kaplansky, M. Rachlin, A. Galinsky. Second Cabin 9 S. Diamond, J. Goshinsky, H. Greenbaum, S. Oelinger. Open Championship: First Cabin 5 P. Dinets, I. Kaplansky, M. Rachlin, A. Galinsky. Second Cabin 1 B. Reindorf, S. Roth, M. Ellison, L. Applebaum. Potato Race: Bantam Section: First Cabin 1 S. Roth, B. Reindorf, M. Ellison, L. Applebaum; Second Cabin 2 [illegible] Fishler, E. Mollick, M. Fink, S. Swadron. Minor Section: First Cabin 12 P. Pinkus, G. Weinstein, M. Shiffman, M. Millard. Second Cabin 8 R. Goldenberg, M. Goldstein, B. Gladstone, J. Walman. Major Section: First Cabin 9 S. Diamond, S. Reindorf, S. Goshinsky, S. Oelinger. Second Cabin 5 A. Otto, P. Dinets, M. Rachlin, A. Galinsky. Tug of War: Bantam Section: Cabin 1 S. Swadron. Minor Section: Cabin 10 P. Wasserman. Major Section: Cabin 5 I. Rosenthal. Indian Hand Wrestle: Bantam Section: Cabin 4 M. Freedman. Second Cabin 4 H. Garten. Minor Section: Cabin 12 G. Weinstein. Second Cabin 11 S. Garten. Major Section: Cabin 9 S. Rein[illegible]. Sons Competition: Bantam Section: First Cabin 6 I. Simon, M. Walman, B. [illegible], J. Manella, A. Diamond, M. Greenbaum, M. Freedman, S. Kwinter, S. Nefsky. Second Cabin 4 B. Garten, D. Goldenberg, S. Goldenberg, G. [illegible], A. [illegible], T. [illegible], J. Kopman, H. [illegible], A. [illegible]. Minor Section: First Section 8 S. Goldenberg, J. [illegible], J. Walman, B. Diamond, M. [illegible], D. Kestenberg, M. Goldstein, P. Kestenberg, B. Gladstone. Second Cabin 11 S. Garten, M. Roth, M. [illegible], A. Kopman, M. Wilner, A. Starkman, P. Clarfield. Major Section: First Cabin 5 I. Kaplansky, A. Galinsky, A. Otto, A. Gold[illegible], M. Rachlin, M. Freedman, B. [illegible], P. Dinets, M. Stein, I. Rosen[illegible]. Open Championship: Cabin 6 I. Simon, M. Walman, B. [illegible], J. Manella, A. Diamond, M. Greenbaum, M. Freedman, S. Kwinter, S. Nefsky. Second Cabin 8 S. Golden[illegible], J. Fisher, J. Walman, B. Diamond, M. [illegible], D. Kestenberg, M. Goldstein, P. Kestenberg, B. Gladstone.

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THE STREET OF CHAINS

(Continued from page 15)

CHAPTER X

On November 11, 1918, the world's madness went into a new phase and men celebrated peace on earth with a passionate abandon not clearly differentiated from the tumult and the shouting of their fighting spirit.

It was before eight on the morning after Armistice Day when Steve Harkness telephoned Carlie. He was in town for the day and would she stop off at their pet tea room and have breakfast with him before she went down to the store and, oh, had the mail come yet or any wires? No? Fine! Would she hurry along, please?

Carlie laughed. She liked Steve when he was brusque better than when he was mushy as if he owed it to her to pay her the compliment of acting romantic now and then because she was a girl. She lunched with him at the tea room whenever he got to town, and they always talked about Don and Michael Gruenturm and something Steve called the brotherhood of the air. Steve always brought her news of Don; today she fancied he might be going to tell her that Don was a full fledged pilot now; she wondered with an indulgent little smile if Don was furious because they'd finished the war before he got into it; she could imagine how he'd hate to give up flying and come home to work in the crockery store. Not the store, she thought; you couldn't do much with the store; papa wasn't interested in it, yet he always disapproved when you wanted to do something progressive; he did not like anything that had not been the policy of Hamburger and Delavan. Perhaps Don would really make something of his fiddling; he might want to go abroad and study the violin . . . and when he was great and famous he'd meet Major Michael Gruenturm. She could imagine the world crowding around O'Donnel Delavan, the world renowned violinist, and see him pushing them all aside to come and put his arm around her shoulder and draw her forward as he said proudly—as proudly as if she were decorative like Tessa: "Major Gruenturm, this is my little sister Charlotte. We call her 'Carlie.'" And Major Gruenturm would say: "Miss Charlotte, I've dreamed of this day. I knew you would be wonderful from all Don and Steve told me about you. But I didn't guess how wonderful——" He would call her Charlotte. Like Granpa. Granpa would be so happy about Don's success and about Michael and Charlotte. . . .

Carlie could dress and dream at once. She could race over to Columbus Avenue while she was dreaming. And with her make-believe writing itself on the white margin of reality, and her heart engaged in composing romance, her feet could run up the steps of the elevated, her fingers could get out her nickel and presently she would be on a train which could be trusted to take care of the next stage of progress. So she always got to her destinations accompanied by daydreams of Michael Gruenturm and her brother Don who was a dead ringer for Mike; and so today she got to the tea room and found Steve pacing up and down the tiny courtyard outside.

"Hello, Steve, I hope I'm not late," she said debonairly.

"I was very early," he said gravely, and without the wide freckled grin that made you like him so much even in the midst of waking up from your dreams about the man you loved. Steve was almost solemn, he was taking the armistice soberly. He had come near giving his life to the war, he knew

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—what the peace meant. Or perhaps he was worried about what he'd do now that his soldiering days were over. Uncle Fred had told papa that getting employment for ex-soldiers was going to be quite a problem and that if Don preferred ships to [illegible] and [illegible] his Uncle Freddy would give him a chance any day. Maybe he would give Steve a chance. Steve was such a real friend, almost a brother.

Suddenly Steve was stooping and kissing her softly and quietly and full on the lips. She smiled at him. Good old Steve. Dear old Steve, who had brought her the knowledge of love and a hero for her own chapter of the Canadian Saga.

"You're a nice person," she said vaguely. "Almost as nice as Don. And was that kiss from him?"

"A brother's kiss," Steve said shortly. "Let's hop off and get our breakfast."

He followed her into the dingily beautiful room whose walls were papered with theatrical programs as old as the Civil War, and hung with cross-stitch mottoes elbowing each other up to delightful little niches where quaint majolica figures capered and posed. The big fireplace glowed with shining copper and properly dingy pewter. Everything in the room seemed ready to curtsey and greet the guests who were coming to share a hospitality it liked to offer. It was a lively room, a room in which breakfast would be an adventure, but Steve wanted to go into the back room where there were two rows of orange-colored compartments like idealized and futuristic sections of a dining car. He said it would be better there because nobody would joggle their elbows or sit in their laps.

"This isn't lunch; it's breakfast," Carlie laughed. "And there are just exactly five tables taken in the other room. You're a funny one, Steve."

"I want to be quite alone with you," he said curtly. "Will you have baked apple and cereal?"

"You're the one whose ancestors were almost Scotch," she said. "I take orange juice and coffee and toast."

"I want you to have just what you like, Carlie."

"Then I'll probably get it even if you aren't so solemn about it. You're really much nicer when you grin, Steve. Don't you know what a jolly grin you have? If you couldn't do anythi- grin folks would trust you and want you for their friend."

But Steve wouldn't grin. He went ahead eating his cereal doggedly. He urged Carlie to have more toast, more coffee, eggs. He said she was such a little wisp of a thing, she ought to eat.

"But I'm strong," she said. "Very strong. I don't need food——"

"You have a dauntless spirit, Carlie. I'm counting on that."

"Is there—something?"

He nodded.

"Something unpleasant? You mean Don isn't going to be an air pilot? He won't get his Wings?"

"He has his Wings, Carlie. I'm making a muddle of this. I hate to hurt you. I flew from Texas yesterday at dawn to tell you this. Don wanted me to be the one. He said you'd take it standing."

"You flew? But you couldn't. You don't fly since your crash. And anyway why should you fly?" she asked in a dry voice that sounded in her ear drums and in her heart.

Their eyes met: gray eyes full of misery and compassion and grim resolve, blue eyes filling with terror and understanding.

"Why—what could happen to Don, now?" she asked. "The war is over."

"There was to be a great celebration on our field yesterday," Steve told her. "Don was to be at the head of one of the formations. They went out the night before to practice. A wind came up. It got his boat by the tail . . . she dived and crashed. Don didn't stay with us long after we got him out of the wreck. Before he went West he begged me to be the one to tell you. He said you'd take it standing."

"So you got them to hold back the wires and to let you fly again," she said dully. Strange, absurd things to be saying in a flat, cold voice when a voice inside you was screaming: "Your brother Don is dead. And you'll never see him again. And you'll always have to remember that your father might have stopped him from going if you'd kept out of it. But Don is dead. And you'll never see him again." Over and over that voice went on screaming out its horror while [illegible] asked Steve grim, cold, practical questions.

Don had gone out at midnight. Steve had started flying to the South before dawn. He had made it in twenty six hours. A motor was waiting at Curtiss Field. He had telephoned her on the way. The body was coming North now. Don would be buried with military honors . . . and with his Wings on his breast. Then, while the voice inside her was lamenting and protesting and mourning its dead, the other voice out on the surface said quietly:

"I've got to tell mama and papa. Will you mind coming along and backing me? Don expected me to take it standing, so of course I've got to, but I think it would be better if you were there to see me through."

"There's nothing I wouldn't do readily to see you through," he said.

They were quite alone in the little room of orange-colored [illegible]. Steve came around to her side of the table and held out his hands. She crept out into the aisle, into his arms. She clung to him, closer, closer, as if she wanted to burrow into his heart and find there her brother Don, whom she had sent into the war on wings, and who had gone crashing into unfathomable space and beyond the sight of eyes on those wings.

"I've only got Tress left now," she said at last.

Steve never ceased to wonder what would have happened if at that moment it had been possible for him to tell her that she had him too. But it was not possible for him to speak. He had [illegible] all he could when he forced his [illegible] [illegible] plane and flew North to tell Carlie that Don was gone. A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

BOOK III: FORWARD MARCH

"Who so keepeth the figtree shall eat the fruit thereof."

CHAPTER I

Carlie kept thinking: "Your Grampa wouldn't have liked you at all. You're not in the least what we wanted for Tress."

Later she might be angry because Tress had left her out—not just out of her confidence but out of her life. Now there was no room for anything in her thought but the struggle to understand this strange young man in [illegible] uniform who had come out of the night with the declaration that he was Lieutenant Richard Wilton just back from overseas and that Tress was his wife.

He kept on talking and talking about his Tress. Now and then Carlie, striving with the major fact that Tress was married and to a Christian, heard some of the things he was saying. He hadn't expected Tress to go to such lengths to keep their marriage a secret. She had sent a cable from Tress. She might have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nights to be at the [illegible] when he landed.

"Run along and pack a bag, a pretty [illegible]," he commanded. "Our first honeymoon, didn't [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The secret for that. Now that we're not so clandestine let's do it up right. Pack us a bag with all the things you'd take if you were going off with your sweetheart. Write down the address where you say Tress is working, the little simpleton! And then forget all about us. Mustn't let your thoughts run after us tonight, Carlie. Keep your imagination at home . . . till your own honeymoon time comes. Get me?"

Carlie felt a smouldering shame because he forced her to find words for the things he didn't quite say. She protested for herself as well as Tress. "You ought to give her more time. More notice. She may not want to go away with you just now. And anyway she'll want to select her own things. She'll be so surprised . . . because she doesn't expect you just now. She didn't get your cable, you see. It came here and she doesn't even know that you've arrived in the country."

"Did you ever hear of a girl who didn't want a trip to Atlantic City?" Lieutenant Wilton [illegible] [illegible].

"But Tress may want to pack her own things. I'll [illegible] and come to go right away."

"She will want to go right away. Tonight. She [illegible] [illegible] honeymoon. Spend a few days in Atlantic City, with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when they [illegible] [illegible]."

"I'll go pack the bag," Carlie said [illegible].

She wanted to get away from him. She saw Steve [illegible] [illegible] waiting in the [illegible] windows at the end of the apartment. She opened the door of Tress's room, slipped in and turned the key. Then she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. She found herself [illegible] wondering how she would feel if Michael Grünbaum came to claim her and [illegible] [illegible]. After a minute or two she went to the closet, got down a suit case and traveling case and began packing them with careful precision. Her fingers worked [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her thoughts [illegible] them with [illegible]. Then [illegible] and said.

"Now of course you can see why Tress has kept herself away from you. Her heart was as full of him as [illegible] [illegible] Don was killed. She has separated herself from you and soon she will separate herself from all her own people. But there isn't a thing you can do about it. Grampa wanted you [illegible] [illegible] weren't clever enough to outwit the Wilton man and you are silly to be so upset about this. Tress has [illegible] [illegible]. She hasn't been fair to you. She hasn't been fair to Grampa or true to her Heritage. She doesn't deserve to be happy——"

Carlie mustered up her thoughts angrily. She marshaled them in a tight little [illegible] and tossed them in a corner [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. That was good enough for thoughts of [illegible] unkind to Tress and disloyal to the heritage of unity and fidelity they had given Grampa. But it was not at all clear how she could best be loyal to Tress.

Grampa had left no manner of doubt that Jews and Gentiles are bound to come to grief when they try to unite in marriage. Papa and mama rather [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] like their great-grandmother, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] marriage like her great-grandmother's. Carlie turned away from the analogy with a frightened feeling that it wouldn't do [illegible] to think about things like this for fear of [illegible] them to pass.

In the night when Grampa was dying he had thought of Tress and her happiness. He had, in a way, put them in Carlie's charge. Yet now it appeared that the only thing she could do for Tress was arrange a few clothes in a traveling bag. She packed carefully, assuring herself that Richard Wilton must be a wonderful person or Tress would never have fallen in love with him. She tried to think of Tress's husband as a perfect gentle knight, a man in shining armor, a man dedicated to serving [illegible] [illegible] his wife. But when she went out and put the bag in his hand and looked up at the face [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

"Then we're on our way," [illegible] [illegible]. "Tress and I are certainly going to see a lot of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

He stooped and kissed Carlie with [illegible].

"Only I'm much more [illegible] great [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

seemed suddenly important to call cinnamon buns "*Schnecken*."

CHAPTER II

That Carlie was at home alone on the evening when Dicky Wilton returned to claim Tress was not an unusual circumstance. She was generally at home evenings and alone.

The world peace did not bring harmony to Adam Delavan's roof tree; his apartment did not become a Home burning a Perpetual Light kindled by the brief flare of glory in which Don essayed the skies and became one with the ashes of his plane; it continued to be a point of departure for Adam and Grace and Tress and it ceased offering Carlie even a thread of happiness on which to string her dreams.

Grief failed to draw Adam and Grace together; Adam cried out that he was a father bereft of his only son and cursed Stephen Harkness for inspiring his boy with the crazy notion of "going into the war on wings"; Grace whispered that she was a lonely little woman and that Steve was all she had to remind her of her only son. On Sundays, when Steve got away from the factory where he was at work on an idea for improved mica spark plugs, he came to the apartment with flowers for Grace and Egyptian cigarettes for Adam. Carlie, seeing how seldom Steve lighted a cigarette of his own cheap brand, had not the heart to refuse his invitations to go walking in the park now and then. And since he was happiest when he could talk of Michael Greenbaum or Don, she managed to find Steve's companionship endurable, if not pleasant. She did not quite like him; she could not make herself happy to be with him, yet when his visit, for some obscure reason of work, was omitted, she was strangely lonely. She told herself that this was because Steve really offered her the only diversion she ever got.

Adam's life continued in its groove between Amsterdam Avenue and Houston Street; pinochle at night and crockery by day seemed to measure his demands on the world. He and Grace were beginning to look at each other with something like hatred, as if they were partners in a lost hope of which they dared not trust themselves to speak and which so filled their thoughts that they could not find anything else of which to speak.

Grace worked avidly in an Entertainment Unit and could be found [illegible] about "fingers" and canteens from morning until night. She said that since her boy had laid down his life for his country, his mother's duty was to lay aside her feelings and [illegible] the [illegible] of the wounded and disabled who were returning to the life that had so little place for them. She said it often and [illegible] and well. She was particularly given to saying it when she found herself assigned to duty with a group of the "boys" for whom Major Tremaine had provided [illegible] tickets or bus rides or motor trips to his place on Long Island. The Major had stepped in as the [illegible] for the purpose of organizing the [illegible] soldiers and [illegible] of his [illegible] in large capitals and with [illegible] them.

Tress told her Aunt Grace that Tremaine was getting publicity out of his parties for the wounded veterans, [illegible] that the boys were not getting [illegible]. She added that a woman trained in war work could get [illegible] of [illegible] that would pay better than [illegible] around [illegible] for the [illegible] who was [illegible] the Kaiser [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Grace [illegible] [illegible] of Tress [illegible] with a [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] going to [illegible] for pay. Tress [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] Adam's prestige a lot for his wife to fetch and carry for old Major Tremaine, Grace asked if her dear Tress was still trying to catch some eligible like the Major, and if her poor little aunt stood in her way. And Tress, amber eyes joining her lips in derision, said Oh Hell and what's the use of talking and went out and got a position as head waitress in a Madison Avenue tea room, thus pointing her argument with activity.

Her war work had trained her for tea-room work and her beauty and grace made her ability obvious and brought in a constantly increasing masculine clientele. Within a few weeks of Armistice Day, Tress became cashier and manager of a nook on Madison Avenue. She got forty dollars a week and numberless invitations to spend her free evenings at some quiet little place in Greenwich Village or motoring up to a spiffy new roadhouse on the Parkway. . . . Her free evenings were spent in such farflung spots as Gun Hill Road or Staten Island, where there were hospitals and convalescent homes in which one might find a wounded Jewish officer of Artillery, or information about him. Her heart was continually calling out for Joe Morgenstern; her head warned her against making any official inquiries for him.

There had never been any letters from Joe, and Dicky's letters ceased abruptly just after the armistice; this afforded Tress a sense of reprieve because she did not have to answer notes to which nothing in her being responded. Dicky, she thought, was undoubtedly in the Army of Occupation and would write as soon as he found a complaisant feminine companion to arrange his writing table.

Tress was certain that it would never occur to Dicky to be true to her; this did not annoy her; it merely gave her a pleasant sense of self-justification. Her love for Joe Morgenstern had given her a problem with which she was not fully prepared to cope. She began to acknowledge that she was a woman who would sacrifice everything else to get the one thing she really desired and required for her happiness; she had also to deal with a girl on whom Grampa had set the seal of race pride and loyalty to tradition; finally, she must recognize the social ambitions which made her crave admission to Dicky Wilton's world and defeat of the Van Vliets, who seemed united in their determination to keep her out. She was a composite of three women at war with each other. Thérèse had married Dicky; Theresa loved Joe; Tress demanded everything that both men could give. Of these three, she evolved Miss Delavan, who moved gracefully through the days.

Miss Delavan was, Tress found, a fairly comfortable person to be in the uneasy interval during which she prayed for the return of her lover, dreaded the homecoming of her husband and hoped for the courage to acknowledge what she wanted most of life—and to take it.

To Miss Delavan then, at nine o'clock of a February evening and in the midst of a dashing young vaudevillian's plea that she drop in at his came Richard Wilton, striding into the dressing room after his 10 o'clock turn, tea room with no more preliminary announcement than had ushered him into the canteen in the days when Tress was a waitress for glory and patriotism and the social aggrandizement of [illegible] Henry rather than for money. Dicky, resplendent in whipcord and looking more like a [illegible] codfish than ever, [illegible] aside the argumentative young actor.

"[illegible]," he said, putting the [illegible] power of his reddest Boston [illegible] behind it. Then, and so casually, to Tress: "Hello, Mrs. Wilton. As wonderful as ever I see, and still [illegible]. How come?"

"I'm earning my living," she said savagely. Just that. Not a word of welcome.

"I'm your living. Tell 'em you're through here."

"There's no one to tell. I'm in charge. I'm manager. My salary is forty dollars a week." She was suddenly and fiercely proud of her work. It was, she saw, the only thing of which she had a right to be proud. She clung to her sense of achievement for a moment; it granted her reprieve, time to reappraise Dicky and her attitude toward him, a chance to take her stand for love and the day Joe Morgenstern would come to claim her.

Dicky laughed. His laughter tore through the frail fabric of her self-confidence; it reminded her how she hated her mongrel status, how she longed to put half the world between her and the Ghetto, how definitely she would be placed on Beacon Hill if once she claimed her position as the wife of a Wilton. Dicky laughed and dismissed her forty dollars a week and the achievement for which they stood. He called her a cute little Lady Shylock and said it was high time he came home and showed her a world outside of tea rooms.

"And now that you are here?" Grampa's Theresa said coldly, fighting for her right to survive.

We're off for Atlantic City and a real honeymoon. So pay yourself your wages and write yourself a note of resignation."

Theresa spoke again. She contrived a simple dignity. Tress admired this woman who was part of her, trying to be all of her. "I pay my Uncle Adam fifteen dollars a week out of my salary. I like living with my own people and helping them work out their problems. I belong with them, not with you, Dicky. We'd better have our marriage annulled. It was a mistake from the beginning. I can't leave here to be Mrs. Wilton. I want to stay and earn my way in the world."

"Money, money, who has the Midas touch?" he chanted lightly. "We'll have plenty of money after we get well enough teamed up to trot over to Boston and face the head of the family, who is one of those tiny but efficient matriarchs you read about. Listen, Mrs. Wilton, and remember that you have the honor to be Mrs. Wilton. . . . I stopped to marry you before I took you, you know."

She hated him. She hated him for tearing open the wound he seemed almost to know was hidden in her heart.

"I'll let you divorce me," she said.

"Divorce? We'll talk about that some other time. I've been on a troopship for more than a week. I need my wife."

Dicky beckoned the hovering head waitress. "Listen, Cleopatra Swanson, you are in charge of the desk for the rest of the evening. Miss Delavan is quitting. Resigning. Her husband has come home from the war and she waits on him from now on. Tell the boss that."

Tress, rage in her heart, found there was nothing for her to do but stand aside and watch Thérèse putting on her brown velvet cloche and her brown duvetyne coat and making ready to go out into the world with Richard Wilton, who, indeed, it was her right and obligation to follow since she was his lawful, wedded wife. . . .

CHAPTER III

Dicky took Tress to a hotel in the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania station. He said they might as well roost there for the night and trek to Atlantic City in the morning. Tress felt like a drab when she stood next to her husband and watched him setting down his claim to her on the hotel register, "*Lieutenant Richard Wilton and Mrs. Wilton, Boston, Mass.*" It shamed her. She had felt exalted and glorified when she went on to Gramatan Inn with Joe Morgenstern; but now that too was debased by the line Dicky had just written, by his proprietary fingers on her arm, by the steady march of events that was sweeping her back to what Dicky's dim yet lustrous glance said was waiting for her.

Tress had a fantastic moment of thinking that even now Grampa's Theresa might help her escape from the man to whom they did not belong, since he was merely the husband of Thérèse, who had never been a real person.

She tried for a light and casual tone and said: "I'll have to telephone Carlie, or she will wonder why her wandering cousin doesn't come home."

Dicky laughed. "Carlie knows where you are. It was she who told me where to find you. Use your bean, Tress; unless our cousin Carlie is a darn sight dumber than she looks she will guess that a returning soldier is likely to elope with his wife for an encore honeymoon. But I clinched it by telling Carlie that we were off for the Jersey coast. You can phone and say 'so long' tomorrow morning before the train starts. I can't spare you to-night. Not for a second."

His hand on her arm again; his eyes on her eyes, on her lips, on her throat—"I've got to telephone Carlie," Tress protested, since it was the only protest she could make. "It will be wonderful to talk to Carlie without hiding a secret from her. It is a long time since I've been able to talk to Carlie without avoiding her eyes."

"She has a pair of gorgeous blue lamps all right," Dicky conceded. "But you can't see 'em over the telephone. Maybe if you're a good girl tonight, I'll let you invite Carlie to breakfast with us in the morning."

His glance enveloped Tress; it was at once murky and luminous; it became a fog in which she was not sure of her way. She struggled with tremendous things that wanted to be said, with great and astonishing protests that wanted to be made. She felt that an integral part of her was threatened with annihilation and that it required no more than the right words to save this essence of her being. She wanted to cry out:

"I don't love you. I [illegible]n't come with you and be your wife. I rather enjoyed belonging to you when I didn't know that love was more than excitement and thrill. Now I have had real love and I know how degrading the flesh is when the spirit doesn't inspire it. I have given myself to another man. I belong to him. I want him and I loathe the idea of yielding to you, as I shall probably do if I let you take me in your arms. I love the man to whom I gave myself a month after our marriage and parting. I want to keep myself intact for the man I love. I won't have an—*affair* with you."

She wondered if Dicky would let her go if she told him the truth; but she did not speak; she had, in fact, known from the beginning that she would not speak. She only jerked her hand out of Dicky's moist and nervous clasp, and Dicky, smiling luxuriously, recaptured it and leaned nearer as he whispered:

"I'm starved for dinner as well as for you. Come along, Mrs. Wilton, we'll make a little sortie on the restaurant now, and after a steak and French frieds, I'm going to eat you for dessert."

(Continued next week)

Simply and freely choose the better, and hold to it.

Those who love always have no leisure to pity themselves, or to be unhappy.